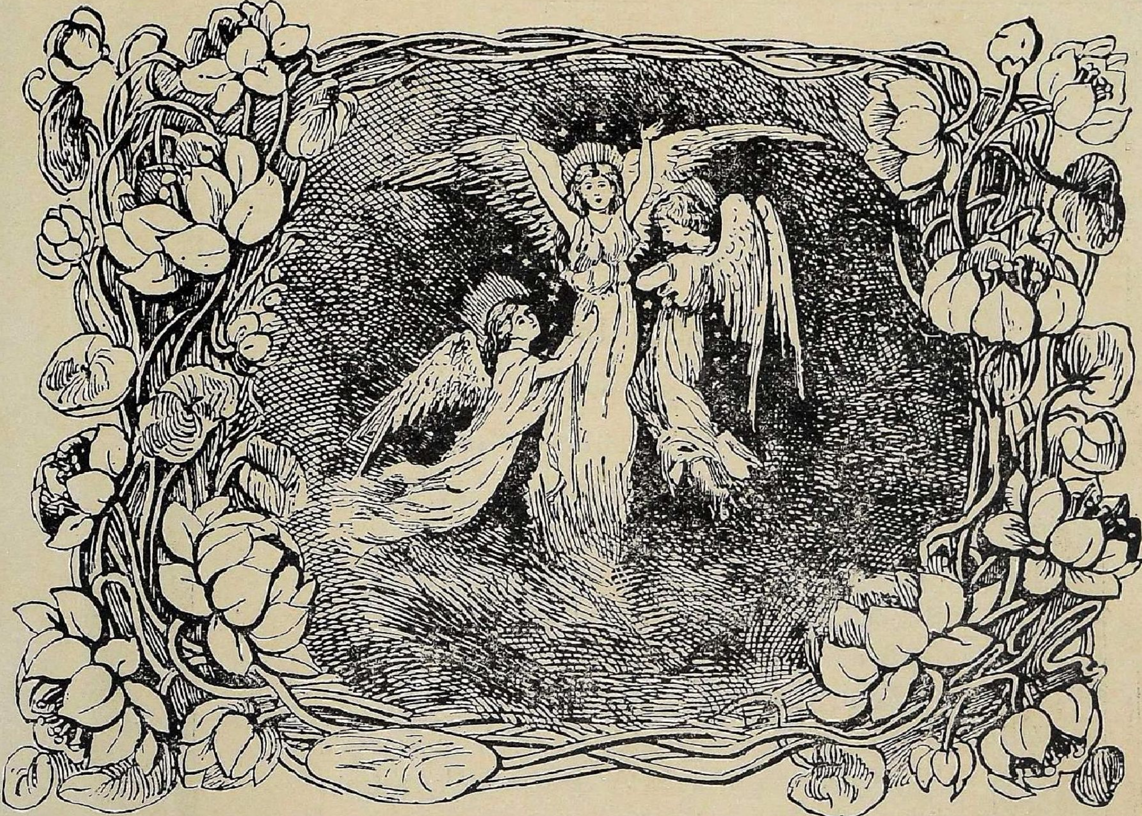
Her Royal Highness, The Princess of Wales.



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Vol. V. JANUARY, 1906. No. 7.

THE NEW YEAR.

" The day declines, the hours draw near
Of balmy and refreshing sleep ;
The sun, the last sun, of the year,
Has sunk beneath the waveless deep.
Beside the hearth I sit alone,
While shadows strange before me pass,
The past and present dimly shown
As in a wizard's magic glass.
Long, long the flame arrests my sight,
Waving capricious, then the hand
That counts upon the dial white
Time's footpath, silent, calm and grand.
. . . .
O veiled new year,
Greetings ! what bearest thou in hand ?
Tell us what benefits are near ?
What do I say ? Oh, rather hide
The secrets dormant in thy breast :
In youth and hope thou seem'st a bride,
And fairy colours on thee rest.
But not the less thy course may bring
Regrets and tears and bitter sighs ;
Thus every day upon the wing
Beholds our senseless vows arise,
And thus, before its course is o'er,
It sees our dearest things decay
And vanish to return no more ;
Like bubbles,—all, all, past away
All, all, save one, for Hope remains,
And spreads her strange fantastic life—
A spell against our griefs and pains,
Across the future's sombre night ;
And guides us on from year to year,
Until at last the happy day,
That hath no end, dawn bright and clear.

TORU DUTT,

(Translated from the French).

WELCOME TO

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

BY THE WOMEN OF INDIA.

Welcome as sunshine on a gloomy day,
Comes to our homes the Princess May!

* * * *

Sweet English Lady, from the far-off land
Of Britain, we women stretch to Thee the hand
Of loyalty, affection and of love!
We do not know thee well; we have not prov'd
Thy Goodness, shared thy Sympathy, or learn'd
To cherish thee. Yet hast thou earned
Allegiance, Trust and Love from those
Who never can forget that Royal Rose
Of Womanhood--that stately Queen
Of India's worship; Victoria. Green
Is her memory amongst us still;
And by long generations yet unborn—will
Her name be held in reverence great!
To us she was the symbol of the Fate
That rules the world—a Providence—whose deeds
Of goodness, charity and love, all castes and creeds
Proclaim with gratitude and joy. For HER sake,
And for THINE OWN—for thou art Gracious, we take
Thee to our hearts. To the Prince of Wales and thee—
We offer all we have—our Love and Loyalty.

A. P. S.

Her Royal Highness The Princess of Wales.

It cannot be said that Indians need to be reminded of their loyalty to the British Empire. That they are intensely and truly loyal, their hearty and enthusiastic welcome to the Prince of Wales has shown. Indeed it is this hearty loyalty which made His Royal Highness say "We thank you from the bottom of our hearts for the manner in which you and your fellow-workers have brought these dreams (to see India) to realization." Our Royal visitors are sorry that there is no time to see everything, but they hope to carry home with them "a warm sympathy and affection for the people of India." "From my youth," says His Royal Highness, "I have associated the name of India with qualities of kindness, loyalty, courtesy and bravery, and I doubt not that these early ideas will be confirmed and strengthened." May the Indians always deserve to have such epithets applied to them!

The Royal tour to India is but a continuation of the visit to the Colonies in 1901. What His Royal Highness says about this latter visit just shows how warm his interest is in the outside peoples of the British Empire.

"Everywhere we have been profoundly impressed by the kindness, affection, and enthusiasm extended to us and the universal declarations of loyalty to the Throne and by the conscious pride in membership of our great Empire which has constantly displayed itself. We have gained a great, pleasant, and profitable experience. We hope that some important results will be secured by drawing together the various parts of the Empire through the sympathy and personal regard which has been developed during the proud mission entrusted to me by my dear father, the King."

The same results are hoped to be secured by the visit to India. One thing we may be sure of. The Indians will ever retain as vivid an impression of the gracious kindness of their Royal Visitors, as was achieved by the Colonial tour. This is what a chronicler of that Tour says, and this is what we might also say:—

The Duke and Duchess have "played the game" with such dignity and grace and charm as were surely never surpassed in history. The story was the same everywhere. In Australasia, where the Tour began to be important as well as interesting, the Duke won all hearts at once by his manly bearing, by his excellent horsemanship, by his reputation as a shot, by his hearty and cordial manner, by the happy phraseology of his speeches, by his clear and resonant voice, by the fixed impression of sincerity which he gave to all who were brought into contact with him. The Duchess, on the other hand became beloved at once, especially of those who were mothers, by reason of her womanly sympathy, her quick and intelligent interest in everything that came to her notice, her unfailing courtesy, and her sunny smile."

The last words of this quotation bring us to what the Indian *Ladies' Magazine* has specially to say about the Royal Tour. To the women of India especially will this personal visit of their future Empress be a source of intense joy. Her Royal Highness feels this loyalty of the Indian women and thanks them for their "kind and graceful greetings." She is kind enough to say that her first impressions of the women of India have been "bright, happy and hopeful." "The more I see of the reality of your lives," says the Princess, "the more I shall admire and esteem the high qualities for which the Indian woman is renowned. If my first impression, so charming and so powerful, becomes fixed as I travel through India, then I shall carry home agreeable memories and a sympathy which will bring us into a closer bond of mutual esteem, regard and goodwill." May this impression be strengthened more and more as the Royal Tour progresses onward.

Her Royal Highness, the Princess of Wales, is the worthy daughter of a worthy mother, the late Duchess of Teck, a cousin of our good Queen Victoria, a Princess who was very popular in English Society. Her popularity has been inherited by her daughter, the Princess May, who has a deep place in the hearts of the English nation. Her Royal Highness was born in 1867. On July 6th, 1893, she was married to H. R. H. The Prince of Wales, then Duke of York, and since then her life has been passed in the quiet happiness of a comparatively uneventful domestic life, varied by the necessary public duties, among which the Royal Tour to India is one. In January 1901, the Duke of York became Duke of Cornwall, and in November of the same year, he was given the titles of Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester. While His Royal Highness was still Duke of York, in 1901, came the Colonial Tour; and this was Her Royal Highness's first experience of travelling. How her gracious demeanour was appreciated on the Tour we have seen. From her childhood, like all the Royal children, the Princess was taught by her good mother to help charitable institutions and philanthropic work of all kinds. As

an instance of this, we might mention how Her Royal Highness helped the late Duchess of Teck with her work Guild, which provided clothes for hundreds and hundreds of poor people in the winter. Now the Princess of Wales continues the same tender-hearted benevolence, unostentatiously, and wherever possible. She is fond of work and reading; and likes to spend a quiet life in the midst of her happy family. But Royalty has many responsibilities. Her Royal Highness has many arduous duties to perform, which she does most graciously and kindly. That she may live long to bless us with her sweet and stately presence is the prayer of the women of India.

Chandramati.

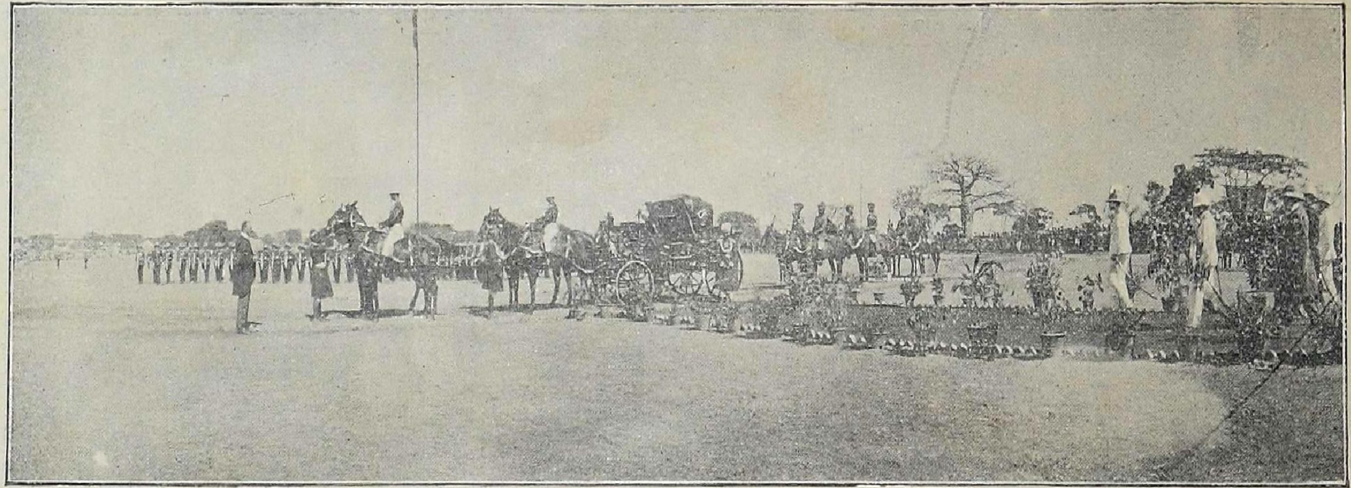
ONCE again we turn the pages of Indian fiction, and the tale of Harischandra and Chandramati arrests our attention. It is a tale of sorrow and sacrifice for truth, of the ultimate victory of man's will against contending circumstances, of the triumph of the heroic soul against the forces of evil. The hero is a just and upright king, a man of the highest moral worth, and by his side stands the heroine—a heroine in every sense of the word, brave, true, loyal and regal, her beauty and her love shedding light and radiance on the briar-laden path of dear ones around her.

The tale of Harischandra is a tradition of the gorgeous East, a romance of the "glorious" past, popular among a people to whom the supernatural was real and blended with themselves in the ordinary routine of everyday life. The tale opens brilliantly. We are led behind the veil to behold the beauty and magnificence of the celestial court and to penetrate into its secret counsels. Round Indra, the chief deity, sit the various demigods—emblems of everlasting youth, brightness, and beauty. In grand contrast to them sit the hoary *Rishis*, their snow-white beards and rugged features, their rude garments of bark, the mute protest of age against the light-heartedness of youth. Presently a discussion arises—"Point me a man" cries Narada, one of the great Rishis, "point me one, if there be such a one either in the past or present, or in the three worlds, one who from the date of his birth has been a conscientious lover of Truth, an upholder, speaker and doer of the same." Silence follows this audacious speech, till Vasishta, the family priest of the kings of the Solar Race, rose and gravely and with dignity replies thus:—"Illustrious gods, all praise and reverence be yours; worthy compeers, who have drunk deep of the fount of knowledge, mark and bear witness to my word. Oh, great Narada, in all solemnity I answer in reply to your question that there is such a man and that Harischandra, the king of Ayodhya, the noble representative of the solar race, is he."

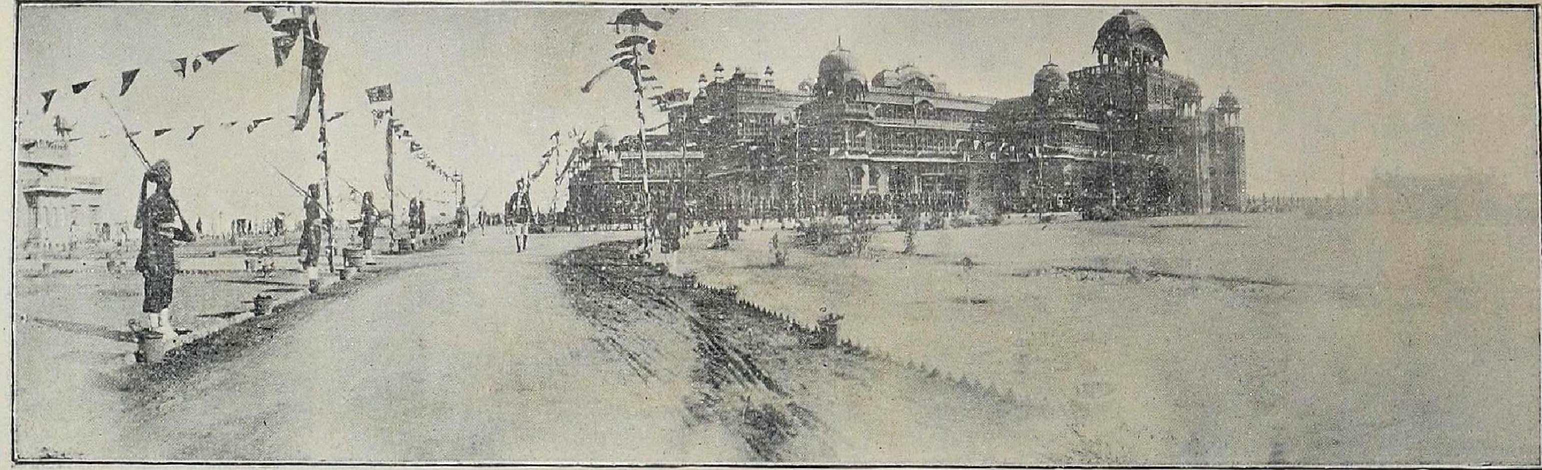
> "The kula mountains eight may even fly,
> The mighty oceans seven entirely dry,
> The sun and moon and stars fall down from sky,
> But Harischandra will never tell a lie."

"Yes," sneers the cynical Visvamitra, "yes, is he not hedged about with prosperity? Strip him of his splendour, humble him into poverty and misery, and we shall be able to judge of his character." "But put forth thy hand and touch him and he will curse thee to thy face" said Satan of Job. Parallel are the two records, though occurring at such different stages and among two such different peoples. This subject is the problem of all mankind and its discussion interests all ages. Again, Goethe takes up the same question in his Faust; but with what a result—"his hero falls from sin to sin, from crime to crime: he becomes a sinner, a murderer, a betrayer, following recklessly his evil angel wherever he chooses to lead him." Thus one falls and another conquers, but each man has his share of the trial and it seems as if the above records teach us that "it is no story of a simple thing, which happened once, but that it belongs to humanity itself, and is the drama of the trial of man with Almighty God and the angels as the spectators of it."

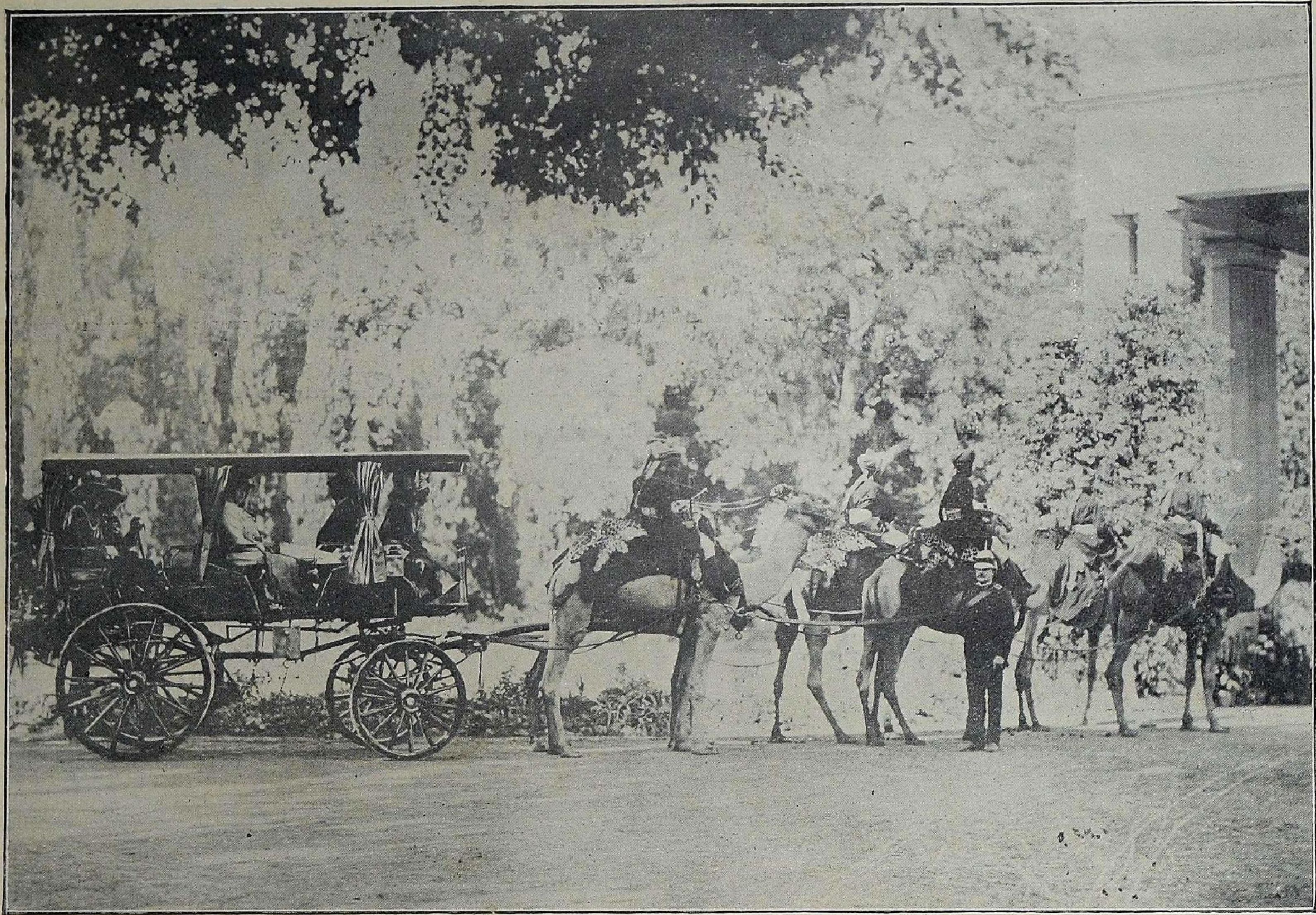
Let us now turn to the tale itself and see how Harischandra and Chandramati stood the test. We first get a passing glimpse of their happiness and prosperity. We see the king performing the Raja-suga-yogam, a sacrifice symbolic of his invincible arms and indomitable power. It is like a dream-city. Crowds have flocked to the capital to revel in the king's unbounded hospitality; gathered round him is the flower of his nobility, potentates, peers and warriors with their numerous retinue; poets and musicians have come to make the very air ring with his praises; the devout Rishis and the pleased deities have graced the sublime function to receive rich largesses and in return shower choice blessings. In their train comes Visvamitra, he who had vow-



His Royal Highness leaving Durbar after the ceremony at Indore.



The Bikanir Palace.



Her Royal Highness The Princess of Wales in the Camel-carriage at Lahore.

ed calamity to the innocent, guileless king. In accordance with custom, he asks for a fabulous sum of money, which is immediately granted by the king. Orders are passed for prompt payment, but the Rishi declares himself incapable of safeguarding such treasure and he further requests the king to keep it for him till he should require it. Thus, in this natural and unsuspicious manner, was forged the first link in that chain of misfortunes, which were drawn closer and closer around the innocent victims till they were almost done to death.

From this point the king and queen are beset with adversity, through no fault of their own but through the machinations of Visvamitra. Blow after blow falls, till nothing is left them—no kingdom, no wealth, no power; and they are even stripped of the very clothes on their back and become homeless wanderers in the green forest. Visvamitra, who was awaiting his opportunity at this juncture, claims his promised treasure, believing that he could persuade the king to tell a falsehood in his extremity. But he had not counted upon the greatness of the king's character. He would rather suffer innumerable privations than give up his principle of Truth. Visvamitra, relentless as Shylock, holds him ruthlessly to his bond, and, granting him a month's grace, drives him from his domains, with one of his own disciples, Nakshatraka, as a guard.

And now it is a tale of disaster and woe, unmerited by the innocent victims. The king, accompanied by his wife Chandramati and their little son, set out for Kasi (Benares) hoping to find succour there. Visvamitra set many weary snares for them; they are made to turn out of their route by false Rishis, wantonly separated from one another, lured into the haunts of evil spirits;—these and other obstacles beset them. And ever at hand is Nakshatraka, wearying them with his complaints, torturing them with reproaches, at times trying to persuade them with honeyed words to lapse from truth, again harshly upbraiding them; he proves himself a continual source of evil to them. It is in the midst of trial that we become acquainted with Chandramati. Before this her presence was felt but not seen. Now, we see her as she is; bravely bearing up against all trouble, strengthening and encouraging her husband, her sweet cheerfulness lightening the load of sorrows. Her strength of mind and courage are wonderful—no pictures of her girlhood have been given us: we see her under the furnace of afflictions, her unwearied spirit battling against the wrongs inflicted on them both. In the lonely desert, in the haunt of wild beasts, under the cloak of midnight, when, according to Hindu superstition, the evil spirits range through the world, she does not show the least fear. When Nakshatraka wearies her with his cowardly cries, she cannot help flinging a little scorn into her voice, as she says:—"When I, a woman weak withal, am brave enough, how can you be so faint-hearted?" If it had not been for this high spirit, she would either have sought a voluntary rest in the grave, or, like the fair, helpless Ophelia, "divided from herself and her fair judgment," drifted into madness.

Though nourished in the lap of luxury, the delicate Chandramati bore the rough life of the forest very well. Her one thought was for her husband and child. Self was entirely effaced. Once she saved them from a dreadful death by practically showing her strength of character. In the gloom of the thick forest, the homeless party once woke to find themselves surrounded by a fierce forest fire. The flames quickly advanced upon them; the smoke was suffocating; the cowardly Nakshatraka rent the air with cries of despair. Escape seemed impossible and every moment death was advancing upon them. But the intrepidity of Chandramati solved the problem. With a tender word to her husband and child, before they ever realised her purpose, she quickly approached the ring of fire, and with a solemn invocation to the god of fire and a pathetic appeal to him to quench the flames, if she were indeed a *Pativrata*, (a truly devoted wife), she leapt into the heart of the fiery furnace. In a moment the leaping flames were extinguished, the cloud of smoke dissolved and a free path opened before the astonished eyes of the horror-stricken spectators; and, to the sweet delight of Harischandra, his beloved wife stood on the other side safe and unhurt. Nakshatraka for once forgot self. Awe struck at the courage and virtue of this lovely lady, he prostrated himself at her feet in unbounded admiration and eloquent praise.

To return to the story. Kasi was reached. Only two more days of grace remained and no plan of escape seemed probable. Yet there was one and that was suggested by the cruel Nakshatraka. Chandramati *must be sold* into bondage. Chandramati, the daughter of a king, the wife of an Emperor, the loveliest and most delicate of women, his soul's beloved—to be sold into bondage. Harischandra felt as if even the gods should descend and interfere at this terrible juncture of injustice and cruelty. But no, the gods looked on—and waited. Imagine the powerful pleading of the tempter at this crisis. It was a terrible trial to Harischandra, when, faint and weary under accumulated misfortunes, when almost spent with thought and sick with perplexity, to hear at each throbbing pulse the one soft persuasive voice for ever whispering "better but one little falsehood and then

you shall have relief, certain, utter and instantaneous." But the indomitable will of the king and queen prevailed. The transactions were made, and Nakshatraka, their evil angel, departed with his treasure--and the man and woman were left. The gracious well-beloved queen was to serve in the house of bondage, the powerful Emperor was to serve in the cremation ground as a low menial to a Chandala, a man of the lowest possible caste; and, they, who had breasted the storms of life together, were now separated, broken hearted and alone in their misery, each to pursue alone the thorny path of duty.

They had passed through one great trial, but a greater awaited them—the trial of the affections. Chandramati willingly bears all the hardship showered on her by her hard mistress. But soon a heavy affliction overtakes her. Her little son, Lohitasya, the delight of her eyes, the only source of solace in this dark vale of woe, is snatched away by cruel death, and at last she feels as if life must end. She can bear the burden no longer. Snatching a few moments from her task at midnight, weeping she carries her boy to the cremation ground to perform the last sad rites. But the grim keeper of the cremation ground appears and demands his usual fee. Alas, she has it not—not even the smallest coin to call her own. She abandons herself to grief and despair. The keeper is Harischandra—he discovers himself to his wife. Imagine the agonised meeting of husband and wife over the body of their dead child. But the tithe must be paid. Chandramati is persuaded to return to beg the small fee of her mistress. But on her way thither she is waylaid, an armful of jewels is thrown into the fold of her Sari, and she is seized upon as the criminal who had robbed and murdered the son and heir of the king of that country. Unheard, she is condemned to death, and, under a strong guard, she once more appears on the cremation ground, and her husband is to be her executioner. The cup is full to overflowing. Love is set aside; duty is clear. The hand of the executioner is raised to fall on the bowed head of the fair lady. One moment—and then Visvamitra, the pitiless, relentless man, rushes into their midst, bewildered and amazed. Harischandra's hand is forcibly stayed; and now justice remains; the cause of the king's misfortune is fully explained. The magic wand of the Rishi unravels all the wrong that he has done. The boy is restored to his fond parents. The King's murdered son is given back. Visvamitra, the proud Rishi, completely humbled, acknowledged himself beaten. Harischandra's integrity is proved beyond all manner of doubt. His Kingdom is doubly restored, prosperity, enjoyment, happiness, comfort and peace are showered sevenfold on them. Amid general rejoicings, the felicitous gods, headed by Siva appear with blessings, special and choice. Thus we leave them in their restored prosperity and happiness, triumphant in the path of truth, bright as burnished gold out of the fiery furnace of invented affliction and temptation:

> "O benefit of ill! now I find true
> That better is by evil still made better,
> And ruined love when it is built anew
> Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater."

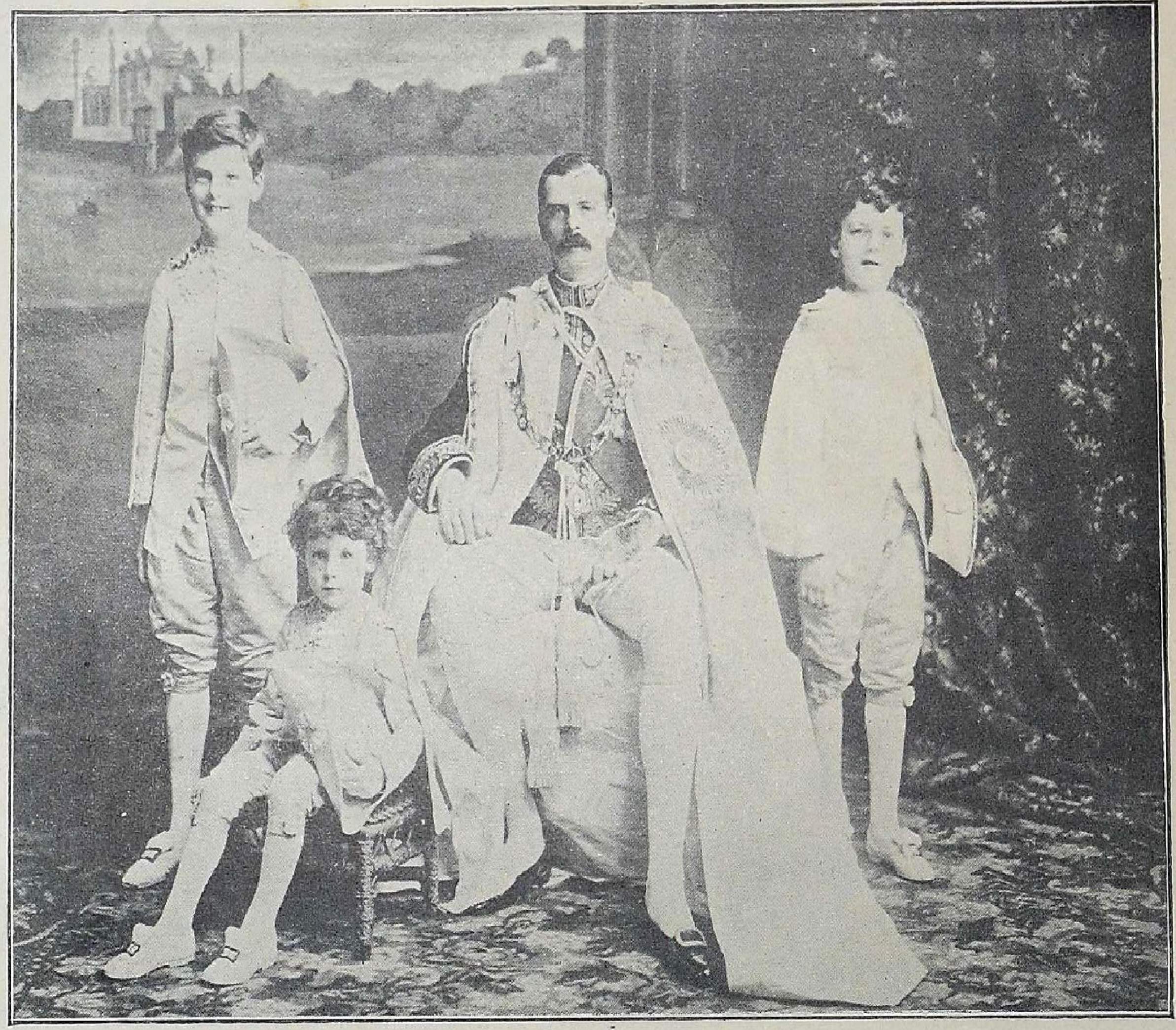
Such is the outline of this wonderful tale and with the material of which it is woven we can construct a complete picture of India at that age. The beauty of Chandramati's character, which we can gather only from a few scattered touches, appeals to the reader. Her regal self-command under difficulties, her intrepidity and brave spirit, remind us of "the stately and graceful cedar, towering over some Alpine cliff, unbowed and unscathed amid the storm." Her high intelligence and her honourable principles are worthy of merit. The quickness with which she helps her husband to solve difficulties, the decision with which she executes her plans, her gentle manner, her retiring disposition, her patience and her tenderness endear her to us. Nothing is unwomanly or forced. She bears herself with queenly graciousness to her dependants, and, when she herself served as a menial, behaved most respectfully to her ill-tempered mistress. She is a woman of generous impulses, she bears no malice. Even to the cowardly Nakshatraka she is goodness and kindness itself. And, at the last crowning moment of happiness, when the gods in bestowing special blessings, ask her what boon she has to request, she wishes that domestic felicity and unalloyed happiness may be the portion of her once cruel master and mistress.

I often like to compare her to the delicate edelwiss, the flower of the Alps, flourishing in the very heart of the snows and retaining its delicacy; or perhaps better still to the soft, bright star overhead which shines undimmed through all ages, though dark clouds may lower and tempests seem to darken its lustre for a time. Even so the fame of Chandramati is still bright and shines undimmed through the dark ages of Time, and, to those who delight in the old legends of the Hindu mythology, the name of Harischandra and Chandramati stand out in bold relief printed in letters of gold.

HANNAH KRISHNAMMA.

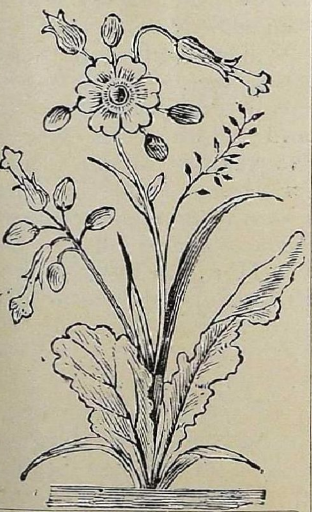
> "Truth is within ourselves! It takes no rise
> From outward things, whatever you may believe."

BROWNING.



His Excellency, Lord Ampthill, with the children.

Her Excellency, Lady Ampthill, with the children.



A FAREWELL TO

HER EXCELLENCY LADY AMPTHILL.

Deign, Lady Ampthill, to receive
This little tribute of our song,
Who round your gracious sway did weave
Our women's hearts—a kingdom strong.
Left behind, we'll never forget
The kind touch of your friendly hand;
We only hope you'll not regret
Your stay in our beloved land.

Welcome as Dawn with its golden light,
Thou camest to us across the sea;
But the day has passed in summer night,
And now we must bid farewell to thee.
Thy image to our spirits seemed
A form endowed with sweetest grace,
Thy simple presence ever beamed
Kind thoughts, which banished feelings base.

In your dear home-land where soon you go
God give you joy; God grant sweet peace
To you and yours for aye, that so
Your happiness may never cease.
May kindly thoughts of India dwell
And of India's women in your mind
And sweet sympathy these thoughts high swell
And our hearts to thine in strong chains bind.

AN INDIAN LADY.

From my Study Windows.

ACROSS the arching branches of some cocoanut trees, I can look right down into the busy street. I have often sat and watched the crowds passing and repassing the familiar places: sometimes the same face is seen again and again, and again there are others who pass onwards in the stream of life and the place knows them no more. No landmarks are left; the old places are quickly filled, and through sunshine and shadow life ripples on.

. . . .

A most familiar type is the workman; take the road menders, for instance. In rude garb he or she passes on. Fine strapping men and women, but the light of intelligence is not there; they are unrefined, yet looking pathetic through their very ignorance; but there is a glimmering content on the rough, rugged features. They go on to their hard work, earning only a few coppers a day. After the day's work, the men with the tools, and the women with heavy baskets on their heads and little naked babies on their hips, go and camp for the night under some tree or some friendly shelter; and when the day dawns they take up their work again and so on in endless routine.

Here comes the grass cutter, it is usually a woman, bearing on her head a bundle of green grass with the faint sweet smell of damp earth. She has been in some green field perhaps, cutting grass the livelong day and now she is taking it to the market to sell it for the highest value which she can get, which after all is very little. I wonder if the beauty of the green grass, which she is ruthlessly cutting, ever appeals to her!

. . . .

Next, there goes the Dhobie behind his donkey with its heavy load of soiled linen. Sometimes he himself carries the bundle. His face is a stolid mask—what thoughts are behind it? Is he deep in his accounts, and busy with the thought of making both ends meet? A more familiar picture of the dhobie is beside a tank. In the early morning we see him standing knee-deep in the cold water and washing the clothes against a white stone slab to the accompaniment of a rude chant.

. . . .

In the early morning you see the country people taking their wares to market. They come in from the adjoining village carrying baskets of fresh vegetables from their gardens. Also you see the water carts splashing the road, to lay the dust. The fresh smell of moist earth rises up to you and reminds you of green lanes among the hills.

In the forenoon the Hindu student is seen hurrying along to school or college, with books tucked under his arm, a look of breathlessness about him and his dress. You hear him gesticulating and conversing with his companions in a peculiar jargon of English interspersed into the vernacular, sometimes speaking the language of Macaulay, at others quoting from Shakespeare or Milton.

. . . .

One element is absent; the High caste Hindu woman is very little in the street. Of late I have seen her driving about, but this is seldom; thus one half of the life of the native is veiled. The refining influence of womanhood is absent from society, and hence society suffers.

One thing has always seemed so pathetic to me—the wayside shrine. Under a shady tree is built a little niche barely two feet high. In it is a little image and before it is placed a small lamp, which is always alight. Saffron and flowers are never absent from the shrine, and sometimes I have seen women going up reverently and breaking cocoanuts and offering them to the supposed deity. Men, too busy to stop a moment, pass on with a reverential salute and a muttered prayer.

. . . .

In the afternoon, we see a number of carriages driving along to the beach or club or some place of amusement. The fair ladies fresh and beautiful in their dainty toilettes, their happy laughter ringing on the air, drive on, and to them the street life is a closed book, an unread page.

. . . .

The little roadside shops are a sight. The vendor carries on a brisk business. He has innumerable little odds and ends and manages to suit the various wants of his humble customers.

. . . .

I must not forget to mention the *chokra* or the *boy* of the Englishman. He is usually a Panchama, and when out for a walk is seen in a fresh white set of clothes, with one of his master's best ties on, smoking his cigar, strolling along as closely imitating his master as possible.

. . . .

Life in the street is varied, picturesque and pathetic. The ignorance and the superstition

appeals to us. The dirt and the squalor and the little coddling things rolling in the dust are familiar sights, and the day might not be far away when the people may be brought to see the beauty of it themselves.

. . . .

The sunlight filters through the interlacing branches of the trees on the roadside. Needless of all change the day ends. The shadows fall to-day and to-morrow and so it goes on from day to day and from dawn till sunset.

Like as a plank of drift wood
Tossed on the watery main,
Another plank encountered,
Meets—touches—parts again;
So, tossed and drifting ever,
On life's unresisting sea,
Men meet and greet and sever,
Parting eternally.

The Late Dr. Anandibai Joshi.

[BY MRS. B. F. CARPENTER, ROSELLE PARK, NEW JERSEY, U.S.A.]

THE readers of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* will be surprised to get a communication from a stranger, manifesting so strong an interest in the women of India, but not when they come to understand how, through unexpected circumstances, I have been drawn into close connection with one, whose nobility of character and high purposes of life should endear her to all of her country-women and cause those of other countries, who knew her well, to cherish in their hearts the well-being of all Indian women for her sake.

It may be that India has had many daughters to be justly proud of, but the one I now particularly refer to is Mrs. Anandibai Joshi, M.D. who passed on to the higher life in eighteen hundred and eighty-seven—the first high-caste woman to ever leave her country (so far as I can learn) and come to America to promote the welfare of her Indian sisters.

It was a strange and romantic story that connected her with me. It has been told already in the Life of Dr. Anandibai Joshi by the wife of Judge G.W. Kanitkar and published in Maharati and later translated into Gujarathi for the benefit of readers of these languages.

There being no American life of Dr. Joshi published in India, it has occurred to a friend of mine who is now visiting America, to suggest that one who knew Dr. Joshi so intimately in this country should send some sketches of her, that might stimulate other Indian women to trust in God and as bravely to do their best for the amelioration of conditions that bear all too heavily on India's women.

You can best picture for yourselves Dr. Joshi as a child wife, married to a man old enough to be her father, and receiving from him such ideas of the higher education for women as were far in advance of commonly received opinions and customs. Mr. Gopal Rao Joshi with his high ambitions and far-seeing eye, looking closely after the instruction and the set purposes of his young wife, must share with her much of the glory that like a halo must ever cling to the name of Dr. Anandibai Joshi. The struggles they went through to stem the storm of opposition of friends and the public is part of the picture, which those who know Indian people well can better draw true to life than one who knows India only from the distance. It is left to them to see why it was that at the age of thirteen she was so far discouraged and Mr. Joshi so disheartened at the obstacles thrown in their way, that through the advice of a missionary he wrote to a gentleman connected with an American College, stating their situation and asking that this gentleman should aid him in obtaining lucrative employment here, so that he might be able to support his wife while she prosecuted her studies. Among other things, he made mention of the fact that while they had outgrown the grosser superstitions of the Hindu theology they had not embraced Christianity.

The American professor wrote back that, having once been a missionary in India, he understood exactly what they had to bear, but advised them to stay there for the sake of their influence and work for Christ. Both letters were long and interesting, but I am quoting from memory only the parts that made most impression on me.

A missionary friend sent a letter along with Mr. Joshi's in praise of both him and his wife and begging the professor to do all he could for them.

Now we come to the part of this historical sketch, which, it is hoped, will convey to all Indian girls who read it the deep impression of an overruling providence. Man who desires to benefit his fellowman may always rely on God to find the way for him to accomplish a work worthy of his effort.

The Professor was led to publish these three letters in a missionary magazine that he was editing and then time flowed on for two whole years before anything more came of it.

From a conversation I had in the spring of eighteen hundred and eighty, at what seemed only a chance meeting with a returned missionary, I was led to ask the Lord to give me a work to do in the Orient, but strange to say, without one thought of leaving my home to do it; this formed no part of the work I desired to do; nor did I think how I could accomplish anything in any definite way—simply rested my petition in the Lord and his angels and made no mental effort at planning. A few days later, as by chance, I picked up a copy of the *Missionary Review*, read among other articles the three letters, and laid it down without looking at the date, supposing, of course, it was a late number.

The Joshi correspondence enlisted my sympathies to an extent that led me to half form a resolution to write on the morrow to Mrs. Joshi; but on further consideration of the unanswered letters this resolution had about faded out before I went to sleep. The next morning my little daughter, nine years of age, awakened me saying: "Mama, I dreamed you were writing to some one to-day in Hindustan." As nothing had been said to this daughter nor to anybody else on this subject, the writer was startled and could not feel otherwise than that my duty had been marvellously shown to me. A letter bearing words of sympathy and encouragement was sent out by next mail to the little Hindu woman, who was living isolated from educational advantages, except such as came through her husband who had little time to give her. Anandibai's hopes had about died out as to all the good she had expected to accomplish through study; and, living as she then was, among strangers, on the island of Bhuj, whose language was foreign and customs dissimilar, the letter from America reached her at a time, when bitter homesickness was added to more bitter disappointment—the letter directed to Kolapur found its way through several changes of address to Bhuj and she was made so happy that she sang and danced for joy all that day.

Suffice it to say that, after a delightful correspondence of three years, there was opened a way for Mrs. Joshi to come to America and study medicine. When not in college, she made her home with me.

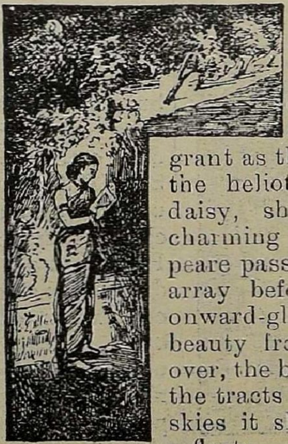
For business reasons, Mr. Joshi could not accompany his wife on her voyage and only a high-caste Hindu woman herself can conceive what heroism was involved in Mrs. Joshi being the first woman of her caste to venture forth at all, and then to come alone.

Dear Hindu sisters, does not the life of this consecrated woman, bent on self-sacrifice for your sakes, teach you the ways of God, and tell that those who wait and have faith shall be led from darkness into light?

Let it not be a vain mission that Dr. Joshi's short life wrought out in your service. It remains for you to appropriate to yourselves the valuable lessons to be drawn from her experiences. First, desire and resolve with God's help to do all in your power to enlarge your capabilities for uplifting others; then be patient and trustful, make the most of your opportunities at hand, and, though you may not be a pioneer worker in the same field as was our dear Dr. Anandibai Joshi, you may fulfil the will of God just as heroically in His sight, and merit the same gratitude from your countrywomen, not only while you live, but for all time from the generations yet unborn.

THEODOSIA EIGHMIE CARPENTER.

Heroines of Shakespeare: Hermione.



QUEENLY as the lotus, radiant as the rose, piquant as the sweetbriar, pure as the lily, fragrant as the jessamine, sweet as the heliotrope, homely as the daisy, shy as the violet—the charming heroines of Shakespeare pass in several and lovely array before us. Just as the onward-gliding river gathers beauty from the beds it flows over, the banks it glides between, the tracts it passes through the skies it shadows, the scenery it reflects,—so the poetry of Shakespeare gathers beauty and illumination from these wonderful characters it treats of. It rolls gloomily through dark forests, it rushes impetuously down steep mountain sides, it glides smoothly over sandy beds, it gurgles merrily over tiny pebbles, it ripples brightly through gay meadows, it sparkles daintily between laughing flowers, it

dances shimmering under golden sunshine, it wanders softly under glowing skies, it runs gliding through leafy greenness. There is the charming galaxy of girls,—the ingenuous Perdita, the innocent Marina, the childlike, artless Miranda, the gay enterprising Rosalind, the shy sisterly Celia, the single-hearted youthful Viola, not to mention the witty light-hearted Beatrice, the impetuous, independent Katharine. Then come the more formed characters of older young women--if such a phrase may be used—the modest Hero, the imperious Olivia, the saintly Isabella, the hapless passive-natured Ophelia, the sweet matter-of-act daughter Cordelia, the passionate lover Juliet. The pictures of the wives are just as charming—the chaste Hermione, the helpful, intelligent Portia, the hapless innocent Desdemona, the charming girl-wife Imogen, the stately Thaisa, the true wife Portia who is the guiding star to her husband, Brutus; the bad wife Lady Macbeth, who leads her lord to crime and destruction. Not wanting are the mothers—the good mother Volumnia, the bad mother, Gertrude, Hamlet's mother. The charming temptress, Cleopatra, claims also our attention. Whichever side we turn to, a sparkling character, set like a well-cut gem into its own environment, meets our eye. Different characters appeal irresistibly to different natures. But the character, which should first claim our attention, which should, as it were, stand at the apex of them all, should it not be a finished character, the queen of them all, drawing into herself, as the sun draws into itself, all the beauties of the other characters? This would be the perfect woman of the well-known, but not trite, quotation :

> " The perfect woman, nobly planned
> Born to comfort and command."

Here again opinions would differ as to which heroine such a description would apply to. To me, such a heroine is Hermione, the majestic queen, the chaste wife, the tender mother, the charming refined lady, the kind mistress, the dignified hostess. Of Hermione then, let us talk a little.

The characters of Shakespeare often find parallels in the characters of ancient Sanskrit literature. Hermione is very much like Sita, one of the chief heroines, as every Indian woman knows, of Indian mythology. Their stories also are very much alike. Hermione, innocent and pure as she is, is still suspected of infidelity by her husband. So is Sita, the chaste wife, treated by her lord Rama. In the case of Leontes, such a suspicion seems to be the result of a kind of madness. In the case of Rama, it is mainly a concession to public opinion.

Hermione is put in prison till her trial ; Sita is condemned to banishment. To both in these times of suffering are children born, to Hermione a daughter, to Sita twin sons. It is through their children that for both ladies an acquittal comes from the unworthy suspicion launched on their innocent heads. Leontes finds his heart changed again into its true love when he hears of the death of his beloved son ; Rama, as soon as he sees his little children, longs to have Sita back. Both women pray to God that their positions be righted ; and in both cases the answer comes promptly. The Delphic oracle rights Hermione ; the trial by fire rights Sita. But, both our heroines are made of noble materials ; they dislike being thrown from side to side, from accusation to accusation, like bales of goods. Their husbands have seen fit to recognise their worth again. But, suppose they change and again accuse their wives. In order to guard against this contingency, in order to insure full and perfect and trusting love, though long ago they had tenderly forgiven the wrongs done to them, both wives decide to absent themselves a while, making their husbands think they have lost them altogether. Hermione sends word to Leontes that she is dead ; Sita prays her mother-earth to hide her away and is taken at her word. Then, when full repentance comes, Hermione comes back to Leontes ; and, as Rama and Sita are supposed to be incarnations, we must understand that in another birth, Rama again meets Sita. And, hereafter both our heroines are wholly happy.

In characters also, Hermione and Sita are much alike. As we go on unravelling the character of Shakespeare's heroine, we shall not stay to draw comparisons ; but it should be understood that the comparisons exist in almost every characteristic.

The first characteristic of Hermione's nature, which strikes us, is her dignity, not the false dignity, which is put on according to position, or as an additional charm ; but the true dignity and majesty of a perfectly-formed, an eminently strong, character. Hermione is first of all a queen. As an instance of this, notice how, when she is accused, she appeals to her husband and to the nobles, not cringingly, or with fear, but nobly, straightly, haughtily, as a queen might. She is haughty with even her lord :—

> Sir, spare your threats
> The bug which you would fright me with I seek.
> Therefore, proceed.
> But yet hear this : mistake me not ; no life,
> I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour,
> Which I would free, if I shall be condemned.
> Your honours all,
> I do refer me to the oracle."

Again :

> " For behold me
> A great king's daughter,
> The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing

To prate and talk for life and honour fore
Who please to come and hear."

With what dignity does she chide her women :

" Do not weep, good fools,
There is no cause ; when you shall know your mistress
Has deserved prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out."

She is indeed a king's daughter ; she is called "Fair Queen", "Good Queen," "Sovereign mistress." Even in little matters, she is a queen. For instance, notice with what unconsciously imperial hospitality she appeals to Polixenes to stay longer :

"but I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, 'Sir, no going.'
Will you go yet ?
Force me to keep you a prisoner,
Not like a guest ; so you shall pay your fees
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you ?
My prisoner ? or my guest ?"

In fact, her whole attitude, though she is unconscious of it, is that of a regal queen, by her own purity far above the heights of ordinary people, stooping though her goodness to befriend the lower level of creatures.

Allied to her dignity, indeed proceeding from it, is Hermione's calmness and self-control. When the first awful suspicion falls like a thunderbolt on her, she does not weep or go into hysterics, as many a woman would have done ; but keeps her head, and merely says : "What is this? sport?" and calmly proceeds to defend herself. It is the same in her trial scene, and also in the last scene. Only one expression of keen sorrow escapes her, all the more pathetic by the contrast :

" The Emperor of Russia was my father :
O that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial that he did but see
The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes of pity, not revenge !"

If silence is the best proof of self-control, Hermione is eminently self-controlled. In her supreme moments, she hardly speaks. When her beloved son dies, her heart must have been broken ; but she merely swoons, there are no cries or ejaculations. Her self-control is also greatly noticeable in her forgiveness. She does not upbraid her husband, or remind him of her wrongs, but merely forgives. Truly a great woman ! Such a self-controlled woman must be a reserved woman also ; and so she is. She never protests, or warmly expresses her feelings, though by many a little sign we can see how her heart is overflowing with tenderness. She devotedly loves her husband, but speaks very little of her love. Indeed, she expresses her love and her friendship in the same terms ; and this is it which ruffles her husband to anger. We must notice also how reserved she is with her son ; and yet what gleams of tenderness break forth. Some may call this a cold nature ; Mrs. Jameson says Hermione has no passion ; but does it not seem as if her very reserve was the fullest expression of warmth of feeling and passion. The water in shallow brooks sparkles and glimmers ; but in deep wells it has a steady shine. So it is with Hermione.

" Good, my lords," she says,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are : the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities : but I have
That honourable grief lodged here which burns
Worse than tears drown."

She is full of grief, but she bears it well ; "her frights and griefs, never tender lady hath borne greater."

It is pleasant to notice how occasionally Hermione breaks from her reserve. Like a full wave breaking on the shore into little ripples and bubbles, Hermione breaks into laughter and happy smiles and jokes. But even here, her wit is distinctive. It is not foolish or purposeless, but thoughtful :

" I had thought, Sir, to have held my peace until
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay.
You, Sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia's well ; this satisfaction
The bygone day proclaimed ; say this to him ;
He's beat from his best ward."

When Hermione speaks also, it is to some purpose. She listens well, arranges her thoughts well, and—strange contradiction of what is generally said of women !—argues well.

Hermione is a great-hearted magnanimous woman, as an instance of which, let us note how she never upbraids her husband, even when he has deprived her of both children. Her forgiveness also is noble. Hermione is full of a sweet commonsense. She sees there is no use of protestations. She accepts what cannot be helped : "There's some ill planet reigns," she says.

" Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say 'not guilty' : mine integrity
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so received."

She is a brave woman :

" Sir, spare your threats :
The bug, which you would fright me with I seek.

She is a patient woman :

" To me can life be no commodity."

"I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable."

She is full of religious submission and faith:

"I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge."

She is open-minded and open-hearted, for she cannot think of guile and sin and lays open her whole life to be judged:

"Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not;
My life stands in the level of your dreams."

She would like to do unto others, what she expects others to do to her, for instance, when she asks Polixenes to stay, she makes one exception. Just as if she would long to see her son, if long absent from him and would not be kept back, so she offers to send Polixenes away on that excuse:

"To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go."

She is of a hopeful nature: can draw good out of bad. "This action I now go on is for my better grace," she says. She has a well-balanced mind and will have pure justice and nothing else:

"With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me."

With all her majestic dignity, she is of a humble nature. She is obedient to the king: "The king's will be performed." She is not self-conscious. She does not know her own goodness, her own worth:

"My last good deed was to entreat his stay:
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were
Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose: when?
Nay, let me have it: I long."

She is an unselfish, self-denying woman, for her first thought is for her husband. Last, but not least, Hermione is a good friend. She is not afraid to admit her friendship, even when that friendship has been misconstrued:

For Polixenes,
I do confess
I loved him as in honour he required,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me."

To Camillo also, she is a true friend and stops, in the midst of her own agony, to speak well of him:

"All I know of it
Is that Camillo was an honest man."

But, most of all, is Hermione a true woman. All these characteristics of hers that we have been describing may be those of either a man or a woman. But she is also specially a woman. Let us see in what ways she is so.

First, she is a lady, refined, delicate in thought, word and action, careful of her own self-respect, conscious of her own truth, caring for her own honour above her life:

"For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I could spare: for
honour,
It's a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for."

She is the lady of "the white hand," pure and innocent, with no thought even of crime:

"For conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dished
For me to try how:
"You speak a language that I understand not!
"You, my lord, best know my past life
Hath been as continent, chaste, and true,
As I am now unhappy."

She "is a goodly lady," fearless of laying bare her innocent life to the scrutiny of others, knowing that the gods will right her:

"My life stands in the level of your dreams;
Which I'll lay down;"

She is conscious of the demeanour and conduct due from, as she herself expresses it,

"A lady like me."

She is the "sweetest, dearest creature." We must note also that she is a beautiful woman, with "full eyes," with "an outdoor form, which on my faith deserves high speech," "a goodly lady." "O thus she stood, even with such life of majesty, warm life. O royal piece, there is magic in thy majesty."

Secondly, as a woman, Hermione is a kind mistress to her subordinates. She is called "Gracious mistress," "gracious lady," "so great, so forlorn," "none better." All her people like her; and it is pleasant to see how her honour is defended by one and all. Says Camillo, who would give up his life to defend her:

"I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so.
'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate were sin
As deep as that, though true."

The lords defend her:

"For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down and will do it, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
In the eyes of heaven and to you."

Pauline upholds her honour:

"Good queen; I say good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you";

Also

If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or from the all that are took something good,

To make a perfect woman, she you killed
Would be unparalleled."

Thirdly, Hermione is a true hostess, who will not be refused. The scene in which she pleads with Polixenes to stay a little longer is a charming one. How she alternately coaxes and commands him; and, then when she has gained her point, how she tries to make him feel at home and to think he has done well. She is a mistress of pretty conversation; and when she unbends is most gracious and kindly, as a queen ought to be:

"Not your gaoler, then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you,
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys:
You were pretty lordings then?"

and so on, in charmingly intimate conversation, and Polixenes in return calls her, a "rare" woman, "a precious creature," "the Best."

In this connection might be also mentioned her tact and thoughtfulness for others; for instance, even in the midst of her own sorrow she tries to comfort her women. No wonder they loved her!

Fourthly, Hermione is a true wife. When she first accepted her husband, her promise was "I am yours for ever." Ever after she is true to this promise. How naively she expresses her love for her husband, reserved as she is:

Yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady—she her lord."

She admires her lord: "Was not my lord the verier wag of the two?" "You were pretty lordings then." She calls him "a royal husband." Her jokes with him are full of tenderness, overflowing out of a heart full of happiness. Her taking care of him is pathetic:

"You look
As if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you moved, my Lord?"

When she is accused, her first thought is for him:

"How will this grieve you,
When you have come to clearer knowledge.
Gentle, my Lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly then to say
You did mistake."

In fact, he is the light of her life: "To me can life be no commodity. The crown and comfort of my life, your favour, I do give lost." Is she not like Sita in this devoted love to her lord? As for Leontes, he had once been her true lover: "'She had not been, nor was not to be equalled,' thus your verse flowed with her beauty once," says Paulina. And, when he has come back to his right mind, he calls her "the sweetest companion" ever man had. He addresses her as "sainted spirit;" "no more such wives," he wails; he calls her eyes: "Stars, stars and all eyes else dead coals." His highest compliment to her was that she was "tender as infancy and grace." Would that all wives were like that. No anger, no perpetual fault-finding, would be the rule then.

Fifthly, Hermione, as a mother, is perfect. Even when she is ill, and is apt to be impatient with the teasing of her children, how patient she is with her boy; how sweet, how motherly:

"Come, Sir, now.
I am for you again; pray you, sit by us,
And tell us a tale."

"Come on and do your best,
To fright me with your sprites; you're powerful at it."
"Come on then,
And give it in mine ear."

Reserved as she was, she knew the art of attracting children. To her babe also she talks sweetly: "My poor prisoner, I am as innocent as you."

And in the last scene, observe her infinite tenderness to her daughter:

"You gods, look down
And from your sacred vials, pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserved? where lived?
How found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserved
Myself to see the issue."

It is said that the children show what kind of a woman the mother is. If this is so, Hermione, the mother of the little manly gallant Mamilius and the sweet Perdita, must have been a grand woman.

Lastly Hermione is a true woman.

She faints like a real woman. She will not take 'no' for an answer:

"You shall not go. A lady's 'verily,' is
As potent as a Lord's."

She is all eagerness to know her own praise:

"Our praises are our wages: you may ride us
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs ere
With spur we heat an acre."

She is a most charming womanly woman.

It were a calumny to defend the purity of Hermione. The jealousy of Leontes is a madness, the unfounded illusion of a monomaniac. In only one way can it be condoned:

"This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
Must it be great, and as his person's mighty
Must it be violent."

Suffice it that he repents and repents most completely. Hermione is sometimes accused of heartlessness in keeping her husband so long in the belief that she is dead. But let us just

think of her wrongs. Her life is half-gone, her beloved son is dead: she has lost the pleasure of watching her little daughter grow up; the best part of her life has been spent in misery; her name has been spoilt.

> "The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
> I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
> But know not how it went. My second joy
> And first fruits of my body, from his presence
> I am barred, like one infectious. My third comfort,
> Starred most unluckily, is from my breast,
> The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
> Haled out to murder.
> Now, my liege,
> Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
> That I should fear to die."

In fact, her world is turned so crooked that Hermione can scarce believe she is in her right mind: "There is some ill planet reigns." She feels she can never be righted:

> "Gentle, my lord,
> You scarce can right me then to say
> You did mistake."

Can any tale of human wrongs be greater? They are so unbearable, that, as she says, Hermione would have committed suicide but for her daughter's sake. And yet she forgives; forgives wholly and heartily. Even at the worst moment, she had tried to find an excuse for her husband:

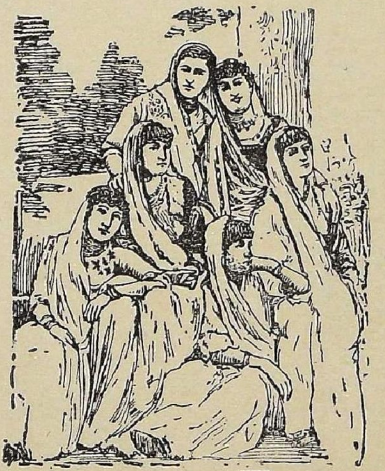
> "There is some ill planet reigns;"

he could not have been his own self. And, when she forgives, there is no word of upbraiding: only the pathetic words that she had "preserved herself" to see her daughter. It was necessary that Leontes should have thought his wife dead, in order to know her true worth; he will never more be jealous. I am sure Hermione never thought to punish him by pretending death. It was only because she thought he had ceased to care for her. She was too proud to beg for pardon from a husband who had ceased to love her. If she had been sure that Leontes still loved her, I am sure our Hermione would have sued for pardon, though knowing that she needed no pardon. She was great-hearted enough to stoop to this humility. But I think Hermione now quite despaired of her husband's love. She was quite sure she had lost it. Then why should she hinder his happiness? The unselfishness of her nature is here seen. Why should she be a thorn in his path? But when she is sure that he loves her again, then she comes back. Gold is gold, but it is purest when it is purified by fire. So Hermione's character has now been moulded perfectly, tried, been strengthened and reached its utmost perfection. Leontes also has been tried by fire. Their joy and love is complete. There are scarcely any words between them, only repentance and forgiveness. But we may be sure trouble has drawn them nearer together. And, henceforth, in their old age, Leontes and Hermione will try to get back their early happiness, which they had lost for a short time, but they will get back again all the more fully for the short loss.

K. SATTHIANADHAN.

Meenakshi.

A STORY OF HINDU LIFE.



IN one of the many obscure villages in the suburbs of Madura, there lived a very old and respectable Brahmin family well-known throughout the neighbourhood for their gentleness, piety, learning and liberal charity. The last representative of this ancient stock, Narayana Iyer, true to the noble traditions of his family, piqued himself on the unbounded influence he had gained over his tenants and the other farmers of the village. But up to the time of our story he had been a very unhappy man, as no child had been born to him and this as every Hindu knows is a sad want to an orthodox Hindu Brahmin. On the advice of his family priest, he had performed all manner of penances for his sins in the present and previous births, observed regular fasting, made prayers to special deities and did other similar expiatory ceremonies prescribed in the shastras. And now at last, it had pleased Providence to respond, and on one fine summer day, when the sun was just rising in the East in all its glory, the beautiful Meenakshi was born.

Narayana Iyer was never seen looking more joyful and happy than on the day when Meenakshi was born. Although his religious instinct would have preferred a boy to a girl, yet he was not sorry for the birth of the girl, for he regarded her as the special gift of the gods. To commemorate the joyful occasion, he made large gifts to Brahmins and feasted them sumptuously. The tenants and farmers in all the adjoining villages also were not left to go without their share of the pre-

sents on this memorable occasion, cloths and food being distributed largely among them.

Years rolled on in happy succession. Meenakshi with every year grew in stature and in beauty. No pains were spared on her education. She could repeat hundreds of Sanskrit slokas by heart. Her knowledge of Tamil went so far that she could read and write with wonderful facility, and, after ten years, the thoughts of the parents were turned to the subject of her marriage, which could not be long postponed according to the Brahmin custom. They set about searching for a desirable son-in-law. They had not long to wait. They found a man of their own caste, reputed to be in affluent circumstances, who had a son nineteen years old, reading in the Junior B. A. class. Reports had reached Narayana's ear that Ramachandra was a miser and could at times make himself peculiarly repugnant, when circumstances clashed with the ruling passion of his nature; yet Narayana considered that a matter too trivial to be thought of, either from his innate goodness of heart or blinded by his excessive liking for the boy whom he wished to make his son-in-law. But Ramachandra was not long in showing his true nature. He sent word to Narayana that be would be happy to bless the union of Meenakshi and his beautiful boy Krishna, on two conditions,—first, that Rs. 3,000 should be paid to him in cash, as the price of his consent to the marriage; secondly, that the whole of the mariage expenses including the jewels for the bridegroom should be borne by Narayana. The mercenary spirit of Ramachandra galled Narayana bitterly. Nevertheless he could not find it in his head to reject the conditions. And so the marriage of Meenakshi and Krishna was performed with great pomp, to the great delight of both the parties, as well as of the inhabitants, young and old, of the village where Meenakshi was born.

Some years passed. Meenakshi was now a beautiful girl of sixteen, divinely tall, her bright, charming face animated by a radiant joy born of supreme innocence. Her sparkling eyes, the classic cut of her nose and the well formed lips,—all testified to her proud, energetic nature and strong will. Her overflowing love and sympathy for people, who stood most in need of them, had become proverbial with those whom she happened to come across. Ever active by nature, with an innate hatred of indolence, the new environment was more suited to her. She felt as if she had suddenly been snatched from a desert into a world of action. And she realized that she too had a part to play in the world and was determined to play it well to the best of her ability. Every thought, word, and action of hers bore out this determination; and happy circumstances aided her at the outset. Her young husband, who after graduating himself had entered the Collector's Office, was just then suddenly promoted to a place carrying double the salary he had hitherto been getting. To her parents, a little boy was born. Thus the beginning of Meenakshi's entry into actual life was marked by two happy events. The future was to her, at all times, a sweet vision of pure joy. There was no room for blank misgivings. She was so very sanguine.

But alas! Poor girl! She had as yet passed only a very small span of her existence. The hard reality of life, she was yet to know and learn; and the little experience she had gone through had fortunately for her been one of unmixed joy. Further, youth as a rule, always hopes for the best. It cannot generally look far into the womb of the future with that searching scrutiny of age. Small need for surprise then that Meenakshi's temperament was eminently optimistic. But the pity of it was that she was not destined to indulge long in this happy vision. Scarcely had three months elapsed since her admission into her husband's home when she found to her great dismay that she was not regarded by her husband's parents as a welcome addition to their family. She was first disposed to attribute this strange feeling in her, to her own want of charity. But as months passed on one after another, the whole domestic situation unfolded itself little by little, and Meenakshi was awakened at last suddenly to the real situation.

This was how it happened. She had always been in the habit of going when she liked to her husband's room. One day she was just entering in, when the sound of her father-in-law's and her husband's voices raised in loud alteration arrested her. Meenakshi was too innocent to think of eaves-dropping; but the few words she heard stuck her with such a shock of surprise that her limbs were nearly paralysed.

"I tell you I hate that girl," her father-in-law was saying, "You must marry another girl. Meenakshi is a pest in the house."

"But you seemed to be fond of her."

"Yes, so long as I thought she would get her father's money. But now there is another heir to that. Do you not see that I can hardly tolerate the girl."

"I am ashamed, father, that you should think so."

At this juncture somehow Meenakshi managed to drag herself away. Alas for her! Her bright hopes were all dashed to the ground. The miserly and mean aspect of her father-in-law's nature revealed by his words, was peculiarly abhorred to her honest and noble heart. One ray of light alone appeared to her, and this was her husband's

love for her. He had not thought as his father had done.

But alas again! for Meenakshi. There was a peculiar strain in her husband's character, which she had not yet realized. He was a moral coward. He could not stand against his father for his own position, right though he knew it was. He knew this and heartily despised himself for the weakness. And worse still, he realized vaguely that he was soon to be placed in a not very enviable position. The very thought of such a contingency was appalling. It throughly unnerved him.

It was not long before he was put to the test. What began with petty teasing first, soon rose to the level of serious accusations, and eventually matters reached a crisis, when the announcement was made to Krishna by his father and mother that they would not eat the food prepared by Meenakshi, that their lives were not safe in her hands and that, in short, they would not live with him, unless she was sent out to live with her father. The announcement sent a thrill of horror into the frame of Krishna. He knew each and every bit of circumstance relating to the unnatural request. He had carefully watched the progress of the whole affair with tears in his eyes. It was impossible for him to conceive of a more diabolical request; and yet from whom did the request come? From no other than his own father and mother. "Would to God," Krishna cried in agony, "that there was nothing like filial duty in this world, that all the social conventionalities of life fell off, and that the only feeling man should care for and respect, was the dictate of his own enlightened reason and the inward prompting of his heart." Unhappy Krishna! He had no idea as to the line of action he should adopt. After mature deliberation, with indescribable anguish, and not without much pangs of conscience too, he chose what appeared to him to be the lesser evil, that of sending away his wife. He fondly consoled himself and her with the hope that sooner or later his parents would relent, that the present state of things would not continue long, and that better times were in store for them, when they could be happy together.

In less than three years from the day when she set foot in her husband's house, Meenakshi cruelly driven out from it, found herself once again in her father's house in the village of her birth. Would she be taken to her husband again? Alas! who knew?

And worse still the high pedestal on which she had set her husband had tottered. She hated moral weakness. If her banishment from her husband's home had been absolutely necessary to his happiness, like a true Indian wife, she would have gladly acquiesced. But she knew that, if only her husband had stood firm, his father would have relented. But he had not, and Meenakshi knew the reason. But "love suffereth long and is kind." And Meenakshi's love never failed her.

Menakshi came to an unhappy home. Her father was dying. The apparent disgrace of the daughter he so fondly loved but increased his danger. Her mother was broken-hearted. And Menakshi?—she forgot her sorrow and devoted herself to the service of her dying father. Not a moment was she away from him, she divined all his wants from his very looks and attended to them almost instantaneously. It was truly a tragic and pathetic sight,—the young daughter forgetful of her own miseries, trying to lighten the burden of her dying father's sorrows. The father too, no less sensible of his obligations to his daughter, after a lingering disease which lasted for nearly two years, died cheerfully in her arms, uttering his last words, "God bless you, my child."

The death of her father opened Meenakshi's eyes again to her real situation. What was she to do next, was the question. Her husband's encouraging letters which she had been receiving for some time since she left his house were some consolation to her. Suddenly he had ceased writing to her, the reason for which she did not know or could not possibly guess even. So far as she knew, there had been no signs of repentance on the part of her father-in-law and mother-in-law. Meenakshi now thought that her future might be best spent in comforting the other soul dear to her still living and whose life's journey she was bound to make happy, so long as she lived. The stage of feeling keenly the separation from her husband was gone. She had once passed through the divine depth of sorrow, and as the result of her experience, learned to accept the inevitable with perfect resignation and trust in God.

Six more years of uneventful life, Meenakshi passed beneath her father's roof in the village where she first saw the light of day. In course of time, her mother too had learned unconsciously to imbibe a little of the philosophy which afforded her daughter so much consolation. There was not a single soul in the village that did not know them, and had not received the fruits of their benefaction. In fact, such philanthropic acts had become a part of their nature and the mother and daughter found sufficient solace for their wounded hearts in the love, affection and gratitude of their neighbours. Their little world once more was thus assuming a cheerful aspect when suddenly fell the thunderbolt. One day they found to their great distress that, cholera having broken out in the village, their dearly

loved boy was one of the marked victims. In spite of their best efforts to rescue him, death had wrested him from their grasp, and not only that,—it had laid its firm hold on another also. Was Meenakshi also to be numbered among the dead? was the helpless cry of her afflicted mother. The news of her attack spread rapidly in the village, which was soon filled with profound sorrow. Some kind neighbour carried the news to her husband. The moment Krishna heard of it, he flew to the village with the rapidity of lightning. The interval was to him more than a matter of life and death. As he was hurrying along, he prayed to God that, if his wife were to die, she might die after he had seen her, after he had given her his explanations and implored her forgiveness. At the same time, he felt that he did not deserve such divine mercy. With a quivering heart, agitated by such alternating hopes and fears, he soon found himself by the side of his dying wife. But of what use? She was nearly spent. There nevertheless was yet some sign of life in her. He touched her lips with his own and found a faint ray of consciousness returning to her. With eager hopes, he implored her forgiveness. She had just strength to murmur "My best love to you. You never wronged me. I forgive your parents," and quietly breathed her last; and in the next ten minutes, her mother too, taking her own life, was found by her side a corpse.

Thus passed away the saintly Meenakshi, one of the sweetest souls ever born, and thus pass away many noble souls, which are never recognised. History records, in many cases, events connected with so-called great men, which are nothing compared with what is taking place in ordinary Hindu domestic life. Not a day passes, but Hindu women of no note do great deeds, think great thoughts and suffer noble sorrows. Of such women, who are born o suffer and endure silently, and who do in reality live out their life cheerfully, our Meenakshi may be taken as a fair type. . . . .

A. G.

THE LOTUS.

"Love came to Flora asking for a flower
That would of flowers be undisputed queen,
The lily and the rose, long, long had been
Rivals for that high honour. Bards of power
Had sung their claims. 'The rose can never tower
Like the pale lily with her Juno mien'—
'But is the lily lovelier?' Thus between
Flower-factions rang the strife in Psyche's bower.
'Give me a flower delicious as the rose,
And stately as the lily in her pride'—
'But of what colour?'—'Rose-red,' Love first chose,
Then prayed,—'No, lily-white,—or, both provide';
And Flora gave the lotus, 'rose-red' dyed,
And 'lily-white,'—the queenliest flower that blows."

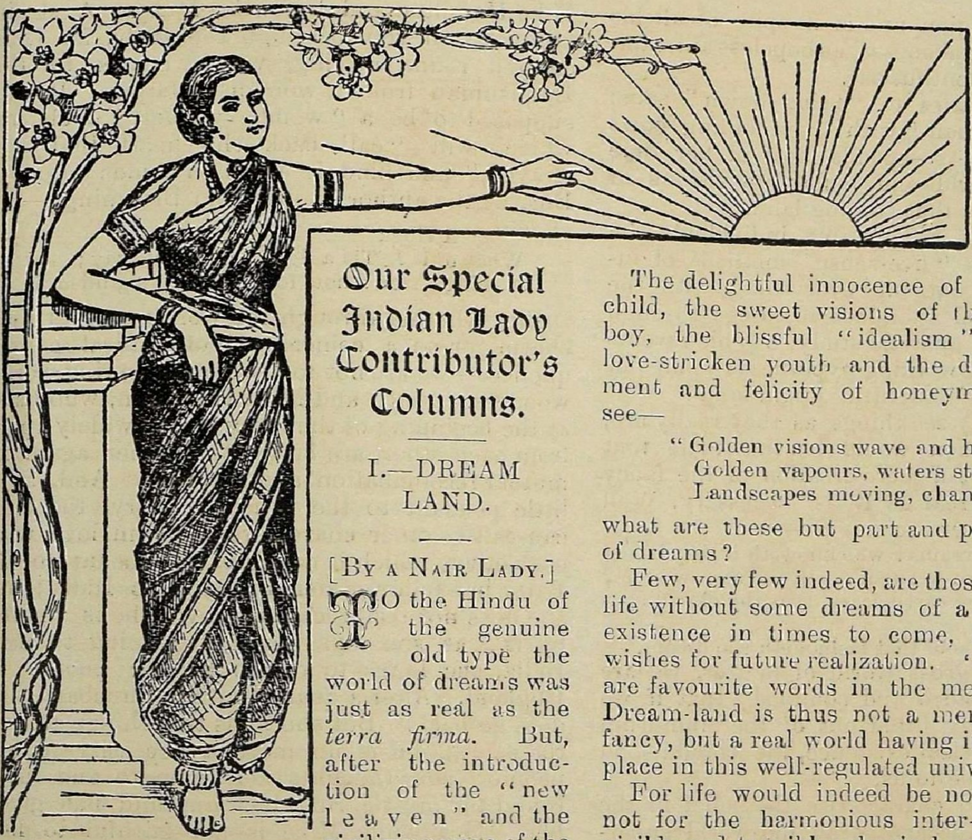
TORU DUTT.

Unity in Variety.

VISIONS and dreams are of a complex essence, being manufactured of various elements that are seldom found together in this life. Nature is rich in materials, but poor in combinations, and the audacity of the human imagination leads it on to paint pictures and make statues out of the raw material that is enshrined in her. Nothing that we see around us with its everyday face is good enough for us. We must make patterns, new and undreamt of patterns, of the greenness of the emerald, the fiery blaze of the ruby, the blueness of the sapphire. Are we not eternally craving for things that are far away, things that have withered, things that are yet to burst forth, things that may not be? In some town far inland, a swimmer is mentally swimming in ecstacy in a morning sea shimmering with gold and blue. In the midst of the soulless noise of a London street, does not yon carelessly attired pedestrian bear within his mind symphonies before which a Wagner or a Mozart might have reverently bowed! Does not the youth, living in the life of the great books that he reads, create for himself a woman that shall be the flower of all his hopes, the embodiment of his immortal dreams! And in the autumn of his life, in hours of sorrow, these visions of his spring float up in his mind, making night morning.

The essential beauty, the centre of this universe, which has not one definite form but which assumes all forms by turns, which expresses itself now in the song of the nightingale and now in the voice of a loved woman, remains unchangeably the same. Forms, dreams, flowers, earthly loves, these are but her messenger-birds, that come to us to whisper words of eternal truth, to awaken us to the splendour of the Dawn in which we shall be all dissolved and transfigured. Before we get a thing of beauty, we must have consciousness of its existence. After that, must come a feverish longing, a mad desire to get it. This is the stage at which we are in this life. Here we awaken to the existence of far-off wine-cellars, where there are dreams, ideals that shall thrill and intoxicate us with new truths. The final stage shall be the realization of our hopes, the delirium, the loss of our bodily senses, and the musical absorption of our souls into all-pervading beauty.

V. B. MEHTA.



Our Special Indian Lady Contributor's Columns.

I.—DREAM LAND.

[By a Nair Lady.]

To the Hindu of the genuine old type the world of dreams was just as real as the *terra firma*. But, after the introduction of the "new leaven" and the civilizing ways of the west, the Hindu has wandered away from his traditional moorings in religion as well as in other things and has outgrown the belief in the existence of Dream-land.

Yes, Dream-land has gone quite out of fashion and one who "rears edifices in the clouds with utter disregard of the inevitable law of gravitation, instead of building solid habitations in bricks and mortar" is in these days of the triumph of physical science stigmatised as a fool. We are "a sound and practical people" and approve of scientific and historical investigation, but it must be of the sensible sort, "tearing up and knocking down all traditions and legends which our credulous forefathers believed in."

All things are now valued by the standard of practical utility. And yet one may well ask if the universal test of utility does not itself belong to the world of dreams.

For it is not the poet or the philosopher alone that makes frequent excursions into this "starry" region; it is the haunt of the most commonplace individual and even the "mathematical minded" matter-of-fact man of business may often be found there. For what is this same dream-land, but "the country of our hopes and visions—the unreal that we would have real if we could?"

The delightful innocence of the irresponsible child, the sweet visions of the day-dreaming boy, the blissful "idealism" romance of the love-stricken youth and the delicious content-ment and felicity of honeymoon lovers who see—

> "Golden visions wave and hover,
> Golden vapours, waters streaming,
> Landscapes moving, changing, gleaming."

what are these but part and parcel of the land of dreams?

Few, very few indeed, are those who go through life without some dreams of a happier state of existence in times to come, some plans and wishes for future realization. 'If' and 'when' are favourite words in the mental vocabulary. Dream-land is thus not a mere figment of the fancy, but a real world having its own appointed place in this well-regulated universe.

For life would indeed be not worth living if not for the harmonious inter-blending of the visible and tangible physical world of hard facts with the shadowy region of hopes and aspirations—the wished-for realities of an indefinite future.

In the words of Alexander Pope:—

> "Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
> Man never is but always to be blest."

The "shining palaces and bowers of roses" you had built for yourself in dream-land may go down,

> "Crumbling story after story,
> Cloud-like driven, where ah! where?"

But dream-land survives all such shocks of disillusionment and in spite of yourself you still are frequently there, as busy as ever building new edifices and castles. It is ever "within" and everywhere "without" us, permeating the entire material world and has an important part to play in the economy of Nature. It is not to be argued out of existence by any syllogism however stringent, nor to be obliterated either, by unthinking disbelief.

The statesman who enters the arena of public life has his "pet" schemes "compounded of such stuff as dreams are made of" which he would fain bring down from the clouds if he possibly could.

The merchant with his speculations for profitable investment, makes constant excursion

into the aereal region and is in spite of all his seeming "wide-awakeness" as hopeless a dreamer as any poet or enthusiast.

The girl who tries to "bring down" some desirable young man "with those killing bows and arrows" of hers--spends most of her time in the dream-world and builds up visions of conjugal felicity in that shining land.

Nay, even that redoubtable individual—the scientist, with his "five-sense" methods of investigation, who cuts up everything with the knife of reason and examines all things through the microscope of analytic study, has his favourite theories and working-hypotheses spun out of the materials of delightful dream-land!

If we could only see things as they really are, the conviction then would be inevitable that dream-land is not a mere creation of the fancy but a world as real as it is necessary. Well indeed, has the poet exclaimed:—

> "Dream thy dreams! who knoweth if they be not
> Real as this man-wrought mirth and sorrow seem?
> Man made the earth-scars that thy closed eyes
> see not,—
> God made the soul that fashioneth the dream."

Down in this gross world of matter, we are so "cribbed, cabined and confined" that if we be not frequently lifted out of the humdrum monotony of physical existence, life should soon become unbearable to us.

Let us not then characterise the belief in the existence of dream-land as an old-world superstition, for there certainly are more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamt of in the philosophy of those who swear by the west.

"Human life and the human heart are inexhaustible romances; and though practical men may look upon them as things of trade and barter and the philosopher discuss their psychological idiosyncrasies, they are the real origins of dream-land and the inalienable possessions of its fairy realm."

A. C.

II.—A NOVEL ABOUT INDIA.

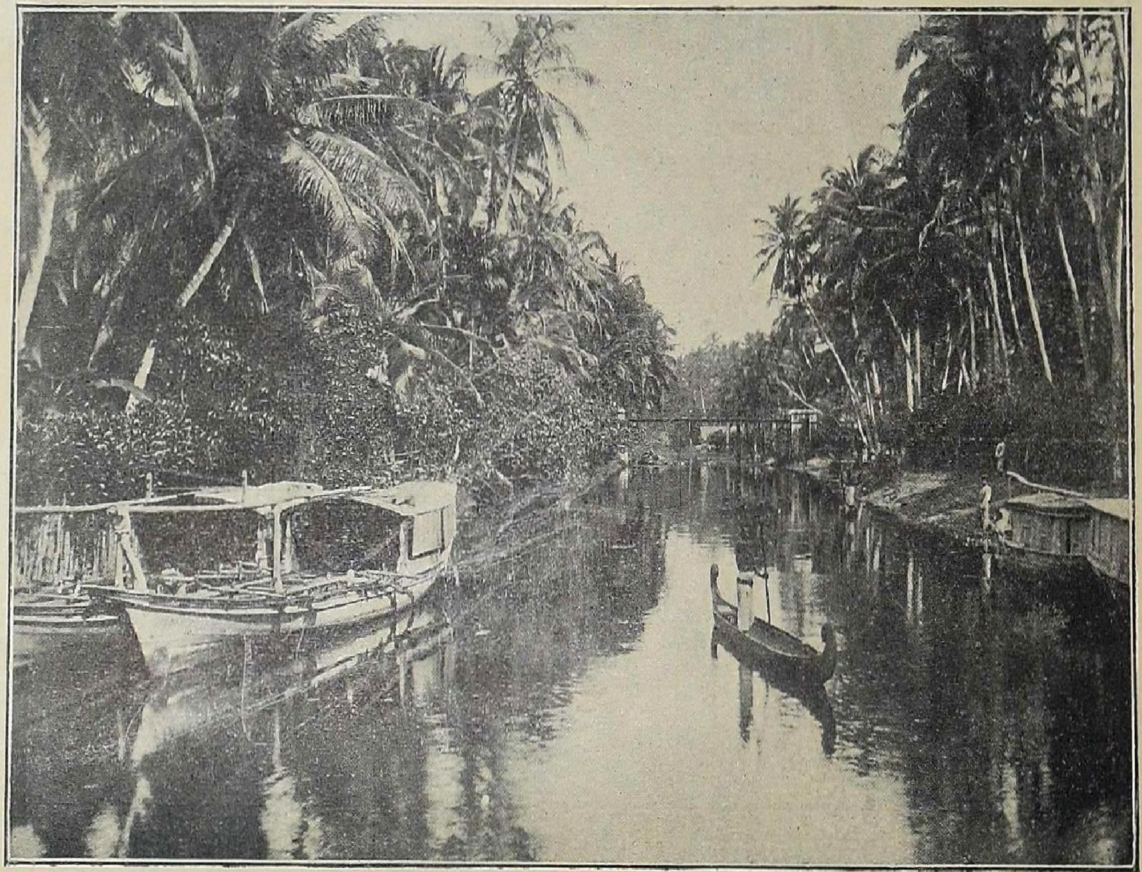
[By a Telugu Lady.]

It is always pleasing to come across a book about one's own country, written by a foreigner with admiration and an attempt to understand the people of that country. A few days ago, I came across such a book—a novel called *The Ring from Jaipur*, by Francis M. Peard, published in 1904. The story itself is a pleasant one; the characters are many, interesting, and portrayed with a vivid touch. The hero and heroine of the book are Mike Hamilton and his wife, Patty. A strain of mysticism runs through the story, for it is centred round a ring, which comes to the Englishman from a woman of Jaipur. It was supposed to be a "wonder-worker," a charm, which will "call back the heart that has strayed," and bind it again in bonds of love. But, as the author quotes from Browning:—

> "A ring;
> What of it? 'Tis a figure, a symbol say;
> A thing's sign: now for the thing signified."

But, whether through the working of its own charm, or as a coincidence of natural consequences—we are not told which—the ring works wonders. Patty and Mike Hamilton, who have at the beginning of the story drawn widely apart from each other, are brought together again in mutual reconciliation and real love. And, as a little pendant to the principal story, the ring causes two other characters to fall in love with each other, which it no doubt was meant to do. Patty has followed her husband to India; but she does not reciprocate his love, she is "bored by it," as she says. And, beginning to hate India, she longs to return to her people in England. After a quarrel with her husband, she does go back. But she finds that things are not the same; she is no more a necessity to her people; her thoughts centre more and more round the mystic ring her husband has given her. Meanwhile Mike is not faithful to her. His heart swings back to his old love, Pleasance Musgrave; but Pleasance, though she returns the love, is a heroic character, and constantly speaks to him of Patty who is her friend. Just then, Patty, who offers to return to her husband, has been twice repulsed, comes unexpectedly back. Her husband is touched, and unknown to himself, his heart begins to turn back to her. Moreover, he is full now of doubts of Pleasance, who, true to a promise to her dying husband to shield him from the consequences of an unscrupulous act of his, lays herself open to the suspicion of having taken a bribe from a Mahomedan. The whole station doubts her, and among the doubters is Mike Hamilton. But Patty is true to her friend. Poor, unselfish, heroic Pleasance succumbs under the awful strain and dies of heart trouble; Patty and Mike are reconciled to each other; and the story comes to a happy close, albeit with an under-current of sadness.

Apart from the story, the references to India are very interesting. As we said before, a strain of mysticism runs through the book, not only arising from the charmed ring, but also because the writer likes to think that India is a land of mystery. Here is a bit from the book to exemplify what I mean: "There are bazaars in India where the eternal mystery of the East seems to gather and fill the place, until the



A Pretty Scene in India (Travancore).

A Pretty Scene in India (Travancore).

uncomprehending Western mind, seeking to lay down clear outlines, and to move in logical sequences, aches with the vain effort, and turns baffled from dim corners, which lie open to sight, yet breathe unknown dangers ; from a face which he is somehow conscious has become an unscrutable mask; from a sound intelligible to the shifting furtive crowd, yet to him, the master, without significance." This is not the place to allude to political questions; but we must just mention that the author attributes the success of the English rule, to this mystery of the East, which the " thickness of imagination,' of the English mind cannot comprehend. " Possibly this is well. The greater number of Englishmen, grumbling at their task, yet look straight before them at an aim called duty; and, in its quest, what they cannot understand, they cheerfully dub as rot. Something has to be done, and they do it, leaving shadowy mysteries to take care of themselves."

Here and there come vivid descriptions of India and its people. Here is a pretty Indian landscape in Delhi. " Although they faced the city, little could be seen of its buildings, blocked, as they were, by the long black bridge with its monstrous girders. Directly opposite to them was massed the dense growth of the Kudsia Bagh, with the accusing finger of the Memorial seen just above. Straight in front lay a long flat of brownish sandy shore. The great river, shrunken and shallow by the long drought, circled round a spit of low bushes, and curved, with slow oily movement, until, ever deepening as it came, it flowed beneath their very feet, and slipped through the arches of the bridge. Midway between its vanishing and its first appearance, the ford cut the pale waters with a bright and shifting band of colour. Little oxen passed, harnessed to gay carts, or driven singly; herds of sheep and goats crossed more or less reluctantly; great wallowing buffaloes stood in the stream, blissfully regardless of blows and cries from the wading gesticulating masters, who had knotted their clothes round their loins, or heaped them on their many-coloured turbans. The soft whiteness of the sky, the tender veiling of the distant trees—all was peaceful and restful."

Jaipur is very picturesquely described. " The pink-flushed city was looking its rosiest. Bullock carts, the carts with green domes, and the bullock's horns tipped with gold; gay little ekkas, a white crowd—white always predominating, but made brilliant by sharp notes of colour, red, saffron, indigo, and the contrast of brown limbs and faces—a crowd which grouped itself and shifted restlessly for a length of two miles, and ended in the Ruby Gate, backed in its turn by blue hills; a street flanked on one side by a palace, and banked with bright stuffs and gleaming copper ; houses daubed with the historic picture of an elephant and horsemen in gay red and blue, all aglow under the radiance of sunshine. Here stalks a camel, there an elephant sways, man-eating tigers snarl in cages, and the head of a cheetah looks through a sheet." Life in India, as seen from outside, is graphically pictured: "The spot, where they stood, overtopped the flat-roofed mud houses. Mat screens and low walls fenced each roof, and within each enclosure clustered the family, cooking, working, sleeping on string beds, playing—the little brown children—in absolute security. Here and there were stuck cages of fighting quails, from another corner a talking mynah chattered vehemently, and a man calling to a flock of pigeons brought them to his feet and on his shoulder. Luminous sunshine, inky shadow movement, busy groups, roofs stretching far away ; on one side the open plain spreading to blue mountains, on another a deep slash where a narrow street cuts the mud walls asunder." Not wanting in the book is a description of the zenana, of which we may quote the following: "She saw an arch and an arcaded courtyard, rich with decaying beauty ; a crazy outer wooden stair case, up which the black preceded them, and she suddenly found herself in the midst of several women, in an atmosphere heavy with scent, and airless, in what seemed at first a confusion of white and gold dresses, of small, dark smooth heads, of brown faces, of tiny feet and hands." Over all is the peace and beauty of lovely Indian scenery : " Sunset was creeping on, and the city, with its minarets, lay distant and delicately dark against the rose tints of the sky. Above it stretched a long grey sweep of cloud, shaped like great brooding wings. Overhead, and towards the east, spread the wonderful afterglow, answering to the call of the vanished sun. Not a sound was heard, not a figure broke the stillness ; over all rested infinite peace."

Anything, whether animate or inanimate, can be best described, where it is liked. Francis Peard loves Indian sights and scenes. "To Sir Robert," the author says : "all was familiar, yet always absorbing, and he could have lingered for an hour watching the working of that world." In another place, the medley of things Indian, "thrilled with animation," the observer. There is a delicate understanding of the subtle character of the woman from Jaipur, of her shy dignity, of her courteousness, of her pride, which would not accept alms, even in the midst of extreme poverty, of her sense of justice, which would only fairly exchange good for good, of her exclusiveness, which desired to be "allowed to go without questioning." There is a sharp contrast drawn in the story between the characters who love India, and those who

do not. Eustace treated the Indians overbearingly and he was murdered, Patty hated India and had to suffer unhappiness; but Pleasance loved India and this was a solace to her even in the midst of her trouble; while Sir Robert's efforts to understand the people are rewarded with perfect success in his work.

On the other hand, the dark side of India does not go unmentioned. A sharp comparison is drawn between "green Devon and these horrible, parched, famine-clawed countries." Patty and Eustace "hate the crowds," and have a natural antipathy to the country. Eustace "kicks out the insolent beast of a yogi or mullah," who is teaching rebellion to his men. There is no reliance placed on Indian troops or Indian adherents, for "madness may have to be reckoned with as a power rather than a hindrance." Emphasized is the hard life which sometimes falls to the lot of Englishmen and women in India: "One of the lessons, which the ruling race have to learn in India," is to keep a brave front and hide all fear, specially from traitorous servants; "one which they had practised during those dark December days, when, while England mourned her dead in peace, the women in India danced and smiled, and hid aching, anxious hearts behind a mask of gaiety." "It is such shabby sham," says Patty of Jaipur: "That pink—only just common plaster pretending to be something else. You can't really call it beautiful? And the Hall of the winds—winds indeed! One good puff would blow it down like a pack of cards." The dirt and squalor, which must exist in every city, is shuddered at: "the scorched bazaars, with their unutterably evil smells, their dark and withered garlands, their maddening drums and gongs, their panting packs of humanity, their violent shadows, their drugs, drinks, writhings, were horrible enough." And, of course, "the monstrous heat," does not go without its due share of praise!

But, Francis Peard, in some measure, explains the distaste of some Europeans for India. What with "the lean brown figures, with long hair and wild eyes, which breed sedition, where faithfulness should be most expected; what with the dreadful memories of the mutiny which India sometimes arouses; what with the dirt and poverty and squalor and the heat of India, compared with their beautiful, cool England; what with wicked men like Abul Haidar who try to do their best, under a guise of seeming friendliness, to besmirch the characters of Englishmen:—no wonder that these foreigners feel unhappy in India. Not that such feelings should not be overcome and be replaced by an interest and a pleasure in what seems to be their duty.

The author affords us also a few peeps into Anglo-Indian Society. There is the ever meddling, fault-finding colonel's wife, of whom every Englishwoman in the station stood in dread, there are the other "quite inoffensive little people," who, in spite of their sweetness, "grow unendurable" to each other, evidently owing to the heat and their unhappiness in India. There are those who really help the *natives;* and those "who, if they try to do anything for the natives, —and it is all against the grain, because they frighten them so horribly—," are cried out against that they are doing harm. There is the energetic Commissioner, who does his work so well, because he likes India and its people. There is the kind, ever-ready Doctor; there are the inveterate gossips and the unkind friends who are ready to run away and find fault, as soon as ever a doubt is raised against any of them; there are the few faithful friends, who stand firm in spite of every doubt. There is the wife, who is bored with her husband and his Indian work; there is the wife who loves her husband, and takes interest in his work; there is the brave woman, who is faithful to her husband in spite of his unfaithfulness to her; there is the unselfish mother; there is the healthy, sweet, true English girl with her native common sense; there is the kind husband; there is the unkind husband; there is the brave efficient soldier; there are the unselfish workers who sacrifice themselves to help others; there is also the man who takes bribes; there is the sickly child, who fades away in the hot air of the plains. One word as to the moral. The wife gets tired of her husband and goes away. It is very wrong of her. Should the man then, who is left behind, become unfaithful to her? Francis Peard answers in the negative; for Mike Hamilton is made to feel his own fault:—"Up to this moment he had chosen to think of himself as the one injured. Now it flashed upon him that his own desertion had been more flagrant, more injurious." One other moral in the story. The brave noble woman, who bears up patiently with all troubles; who is absolutely faithful to her friend, though she loves that friend's husband; who is ever faithful and duteous and kind to her own unkind, bad husband, whom she does not love; who tries to take a real interest in the land in which, and the people among whom, she lives; who bravely sacrifices even her own much-prized honour and self-respect for the sake of a promise to a dying husband, who yet has no such claim on her; who would gladly give up everything of her own happiness in obedience to the instinct of divine motherhood in her; this brave, sweet woman,—there are many like her among the Englishwomen in India; and the example of such is worthy to be followed by all the young girls, who come out so gaily and unthinkingly to India, only to be disappointed.

III.—"WAILINGS OF A SICK SOUL."

[By a Sikh Lady.]

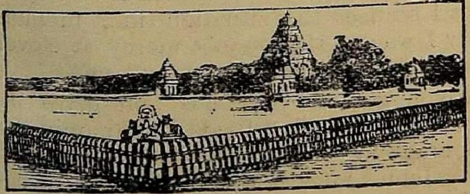
OH, my heart, give up evil and take to good. Ah, the evil is sweet and good is bitter. Evil is so alluring and tangible, and good so high up and invisible. Time, which is passed, can never return, trees which are green in spring shed their leaves in winter and yet it is hard to resign the present. But, ah poor heart, death awaits thee and the path is dark and gloomy. There is neither a friend nor comrade to help or lighten thy weary journey by sweet love or honeyed speech, you deem yourself so well established in this world, tied with strong cords of selfish love, but when death comes, they all fall off. Why, oh stupid heart, do you not now free yourself, give up evil, give up anger, pride and ambition and love of self. Be true to the Maker and help those who come in contact with you. Your body which you are so proud of will be consigned to the flames and they will call you a "Paret" ghost who now profess to love so much—childhood, youth, old age, and decay is all that we reap in this world, when even this body which clings to you so closely vanishes. Why do you call others your own. Depend on God alone who is the source and sustainer of all that exists. If you love your youth, does it last for ever? If you love beauty, does beauty last for ever? If you love wealth, does it last for ever? If not, love that which is eternal and constant. The world is an illusion, the pleasure a passing phase of existence; don't like a beetle be greedy of honey and be lured by these pretty flowers. Death is real. Its sword hangs over your head, take refuge in God and think of him. What did we bring when we came and what do we take back when we return? Nothing but a life. Let it then be made purer and holier. Let us rise near to Him who waits to receive us like an anxious Father, ever forgiving, ever waiting. So that, dear heart, you may quit this earth with joy, when summoned.

Sundarni Thimoa Singh.

"Trumps."

A story of English life.

[By Mrs. C. Besly.]



LET'S see that's one game all, and you are 27 up, poor show for me by Jove, a case of neck or nothing. Anyway, it's about the best game of double-dummy I have played for a long time. You do make a fellow sit up, Miss Farrant."

"Do I?" I asked, laughing, Captain Malcolm cut for me and I started my deal. Poor Bridge! I could not help thinking, what a lot of virtues and vices are attributed to it. Some run it to death, others abuse it, but few can deny its fascinations. Even double-dummy is not devoid of these.

I looked across at my opponent, his thoughts seemed far away, he was leaning back blowing rings of smoke into the air.

"I have got to play up," he said, "for at present you hold me in the palm of your hand," he spoke slowly and there was an intense light in his eyes, "I have been trying to defend myself all along, but you have disarmed me at every turn—and now I am in your hands completely, and you can do with me what you like, —Margaret."

There was a low pleading note in Captain Malcolm's voice which made my heart beat very quickly, but I pretended not to hear, and looked at my hand.

"I pass to dummy," I said taking up dummy's hand, "Hearts are trumps."

"I double hearts" was Captain Malcolm's immediate reply, and again we relapsed into silence.

In the distance of the large drawing-room, Mrs. Malcolm, Kenneth's mother, was sitting in her easychair, reading, knitting and dozing at intervals. So far I had been winning all along, but suddenly Captain Malcolm started playing as if a fortune were at stake. We had a pretty close struggle, but, fortunately, I was fairly strong in hearts, and though my adversary had a "double rough" on, I managed to win the odd trick and the rubber.

Captain Malcolm took up the cards and I noticed that his hand was somewhat unsteady as he shuffled them, then leaning his arms on the table, he looked straight at me.

"Hearts were trumps," he said, "and I staked my all and—I lost—but I don't believe in omens,—Margaret, do you?" Captain Malcolm was breathing quickly, and there was again that soft questioning, pleading tone in his voice. For one moment my heart stood still and I realised that the great moment of my life had come, when what I most desired had been laid at my feet. Yet there was a something which made me, impelled me, to act in direct opposition to the promptings of my heart. I turned to Captain Malcolm with a light flippant laugh.

"You could not expect to win, you had so little in hearts and besides you had nothing to back them up." I said, ignoring the question.

For a moment there was no answer and I felt Captain Malcolm's eyes on me; I tried to look up, but somehow I could not meet his steady gaze, and then he added slowly and with no trace of emotion,

"You mean I was not strong enough in diamonds?"

Again my evil genius prompted me, and, though my heart was beating fast, I answered coldly and calmly,

"Well, no, you had not much in that line."

At this moment the door was thrown open, and Parsons announced in his most majestic way, "Miss Farrant's cab." I rose immediately and went towards Mrs. Malcolm, who had just awakened from another little doze.

"Finished your game? going? no, no, not yet. You must? Well, dear Margaret, it was very good of you to come and keep us company, for it is very dull for poor Kenneth with only me in the evenings, well, dear, I must see you off,"—and Mrs. Malcolm rising slipped her arm through mine.

"Pardon me, Miss Farrant, I think you have dropped this handkerchief," said Captain Malcolm, and there was no trace of emotion in his voice. A cold fear seized my heart and I looked up at him, but he returned my gaze calmly and coldly as if I had been a perfect stranger. There were a hundred things I wanted to say, but I could think of nothing, so I took the handkerchief from him with a smile, and Mrs. Malcolm and I passed out into the hall, while her son was holding the door open for us, talking and laughing as if there were no such thing in the world as care, and the while my heart felt very heavy. Mrs. Malcolm took me upstairs and bade me good night, and the next moment I found myself alone in the hall with Captain Malcolm. Standing with his back to me, he had not perceived me, then suddenly becoming aware of my presence, he wheeled round and for one moment surveyed me from his six feet two.

We stood thus for a moment in silence, a hundred thoughts seemed rushing through my head at lightning speed, but no thoughts would shape themselves into words, and so very inanely I held out my hand and said, "Goodnight." Captain Malcolm took my outstretched hand in silence, there was a questioning look in his eyes, his brows were very level, and there was a set, determined, hard look about his mouth. I tried to meet his steady gaze calmly, but suddenly I was aware of a stupid catch in my breath, then, for one brief moment, it was as if the sun were shining through the clouds, for the cold drawn look passed from Captain Malcolm's face and I was smiling into his blue eyes.

"Margaret, you have forgotten your shawl," called Mrs. Malcolm from over the ballustrade, and a white fluttering object descended into the hall. Captain Malcolm picked it up and we passed out into the cold night air, neither of us saying a word, the cab door was closed, we exchanged a "Goodnight," the cabby whipped up his horse and I was out of the drive and down the long country lane.

I leant back and shut my eyes and tried to think, but I could concentrate my thoughts on nothing. What was it that compelled me to act in that manner, so quite contrary to my heart? Did Kenneth understand, or did he think I was serious? And if he should think this—? but here my thoughts refused to stop. Then I remembered Kenneth's smile, surely that meant that he understood, or was it merely a conventional polite smile and the next moment I seemed to see that cold hard look on his face and felt the cold hard tones of his voice which grated on my ear. Oh, what did it all mean and would it ever come right, or had I been playing with my happiness and cast it from me? These were the thoughts that constantly tormented me, and I did not quite know whether to feel sublimely happy or sublimely miserable, when suddenly the cab came to a standstill. The cabby descended and looking in at the window muttered something about his horse's harness, adding, it would be all right in a "jiffy." I leant back waiting patiently, and once more my cabby came to the window.

"He will be alright in a minute, Miss," he said, opening the door and if you don't mind, I would just like to come in and get a bit warm."

I could see the man had been drinking, but the only thing was to be as cool as possible.

"Your place is outside the cab and not inside," I said in as severe a tone as I could.

"There's no good making a fuss," and suddenly I found my cabby had dropped his cockney accent and spoke a cultivated, though somewhat racy English.

"You don't suppose I would hurt a lady?" he asked, "By the way I hear you are a ripping good bridge-player and I don't mind telling you I am no fool at cards and I am badly needing a real good game just now, it is ages since I played."

I was so utterly taken back at the audacity of the man that I had not had time to be frightened, but I realised the situation in a moment and I saw I was at this man's mercy at eleven o'clock at night in a lonely country lane.

"Will you get on your box and drive me home, or shall I walk," I said, summoning up all my courage to speak as sternly as I could.

But my Jehu's answer was to get into the cab and sit down opposite me.

"Don't be foolish", he said, pulling out of his pocket a pack of cards, distinctly the worse for wear, "I am not going to hurt you, just be sensible and do as I ask you; play one rubber of double-dummy, if you win, I will drive you home for nothing, if you lose," he grinned—if you don't want to pay up, you can give me a "kiss."

The blood rushed to my face and I longed to have the strength of a man to be able to grapple with, and overthrow, this contemptible creature. but as it was, I happened to be a woman! There was no good infuriating a man who had been drinking, for there was no one to come to my aid, even were I to shout at the top of my voice. The only thing was to keep a cool head. I summoned up my courage, for he must not see that I felt any thing but perfectly self-possessed

"Very well," I said very slowly, "if I make a bargain with you I shall expect you to play squarely. I will play one rubber of double-dummy with you, if you win, I will double your cab fare." I set my teeth and made up my mind it would not be my fault, if I did not win, for this I felt was the only way of keeping the upper hand of this creature. How I loathed the very sight of him!

The man looked at me for a moment and, half below his breath, he said, "By Jove, but you're a plucked one."

A feeling of relief came over me as I realised that for the moment, at all events, I had inspired him with respect. He struck a light and producing a pocket lantern he placed it on the seat opposite; I noticed that the light fell directly on my face, and I gradually worked my way into the shadow, for, if I did not feel quite at my ease, there was no reason for him to discover the fact. I watched the man while he dealt in silence: he was a short thickset man, and his face bore the traces of what must once have been good looks. At present, his face looked somewhat bloated, his eyes had the reckless expression of the man who only lives for the pleasure of the passing moment. The humour of the situation suddenly struck me, here was I with a totally unknown man in the dead of night in a cab, standing in a lonely country lane, playing double-dummy, a game which offers more opportunities for scientific play than many are aware of. My opponent, as I very soon found was no novice. The first two games of the rubber were pretty plain-sailing, the cards being pretty evenly divided and we were one game each.

Now came the critical moment, it was my opponent's deal, he left the declaration to dummy and was obliged to go clubs, by this he only scored two tricks which made him eight below the line. Now it came to my deal: if only I could pick up a good hand, I could manage to get out, but luck was against me, I had to make diamonds trumps and scored four tricks, which made me 24 below the line. Once more the deal fell to my opponent, who, after looking at his own hand, referred the declaration to his dummy, clubs was trumps and my adversary scored five tricks which made his score to 28 below the line. I held my breath. He had only one more trick to make to give him the rubber; I took up my hand with a heavy heart only to find that I had a wretched hand and referring the declaration to my dummy I had to make spades trumps, which brought my score up to 26. Again my adversary dealt, it was his declaration, the loss of one trick in whatever suit would mean the loss of the rubber upon which so much depended. For a moment, there was silence and then my opponent declared spades, which I promptly doubled, for, if I won the odd trick in spades, it would only mean two, and not take me out; if I lost the odd trick, I lost the rubber. I led a small heart, but when the cards were placed on the table my heart sank, for my adversary dummy held six certain tricks with the king of clubs guarded. All I could hope for was a possible four tricks and a rough in hearts. A heart having led, my opponent put on his king and made six tricks right off, he then led a club hoping, doubtless, that my dummy would take it with the queen and that I should then be compelled to lead up to his king of trumps, in which case the game would be his. My dummy, of course, took the trick with his queen, but when it came to my own turn, with a sudden inspiration, I trumped my own dummy's trick and led a trump through my adversary's king. The game was now in my hands.

My companion leaned back, "By Jove, I'm a dead man," he said.

My dummy won the four tricks in trumps and the two queens, which, with the trick already won, made the odd, giving me the rubber.

With a sigh of relief I leaned back; I had won, and now I felt I had the upper hand of the situation: my companion was very silent and as he was gathering up the cards to put them in his pocket, a dark object fell into my lap; "I think you have lost something," I said, handing him what looked like a very shabby pocket book.

"Thanks" he said, taking it from me hastily, but, as he did so, the light of the lantern beside him fell on it, showing me the familiar red and black ribbon of the Royal Artillery wrapped round the book. For a moment, I looked at him in surprise and I noticed that his face flushed and his eyes fell.

"I don't feel I have the right to dare to apologize," he said, suddenly, "but your pluck has made me feel what a contemptible cad I have been. You are one in a thousand."

Something about the man filled me with pity, angry as I felt with him.

"I am a soldier's daughter," I said, drawing myself up, "Will you, please, drive me home as soon as you can." Then, pausing a moment, I added, "I trust to your sense of honour to do as I ask you, the honour of an officer and a gentleman," and I looked once more at the ribbon on the pocket book, which he held clasped in his hands.

He rose and scrambled out of the cab; as he was closing the door he learnt forward, "the Gunners?" he asked in a whisper, I nodded. My father had commanded a battery for some years, "Good God" he muttered. Then he went on disjointedly "I don't know—I have had too much—I did not realise—my God, I have been a hound, but your pluck has made me ashamed. Then he added in an undertone, "I was once in the Gunners—it was the old story—the old game hearts was trumps—I staked my all—and—my partner she—she did not play trumps—and that sent me to the dogs."

A great pity filled my heart, "You have the future before you," I said softly.

The man looked at me and without a word left me and mounted his box.

I leant back with a sigh of relief, my feelings were mixed. I seemed to look back and see this man who now was a moral and physical wreck; in the light of the past, I could imagine him as a young and dashing subaltern with a merry heart and a ringing laugh, weak, easily led and easy going. Then my thoughts turned to the woman who did not play trumps, what had become of her, and did she know the result of her handiwork? Then the events of the past evening rose up before me and my thoughts travelled in another channel.

In a few moments we came to a standstill and I found myself once more at the door of my own home. I jumped out to ring the bell and as I looked round, I saw the cab hurrying down the drive.

"Your fare" I called out, but there was no answer.

. . . .

It was early next morning, I was sitting in the morning room, an open book in my lap, but my thoughts were far away; I was thinking over the events of the night before. So engrossed was I, that I did not hear the door open, until, suddenly, I was aware of Kenneth standing before me, looking at me intently as if he would read my very soul. His eyes held mine, it was one of those moments when one realises that there is a speech more powerful than words, when one's individual identity seems lost, submerged in that of another. And as our eyes met, my soul was filled with a great awe, for I realised that not only was the strong love of a strong heart laid at my feet, but that Kenneth was placing in my hands his heart, his career,—nay, his very soul. Involuntarily my thoughts turned to the woman who did not play trumps and a sob rose in my throat, and a mist rose up before my eyes, but all I could say was, "Kenneth."

. . . .

And so it was that the great joy of my life came to me across a mist of tears.

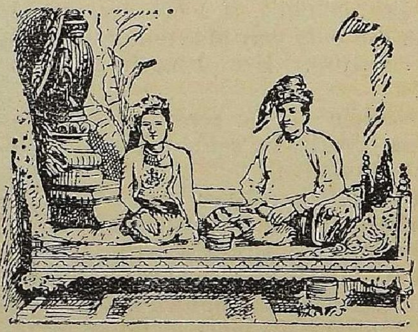
Romances of the French throne.

(Pen and ink sketches of famous women).

[By Jean Delaire.]

Author of "A Dream of Fame," "Around a Distant Star," etc.

VI.—CATHERINE DE MEDICIS.



A SAD, sinister figure in French history is that Florentine princess of the house of Médicis who became the queen-consort of Henri II, and whose influence over the destinies of her adopted country was destined one day to exceed that of the king himself and all his ministers of State.

Daring and clever, more crafty that many a born diplomatist, subtle as a true Italian, and immeasurably ambitious—less for herself than for her sons—her savage motherhood seems the only womanly trait in this strange and complex nature. It was for her sons' sake that she adopted the crooked and perverse policy with which her name will be for ever associated, and for their sakes sustained during thirty long years a civil and religious war more terrible than any which France had yet known.

That from the first her position was not an easy one, even her enemies did readily admit; yet the utmost which her few devoted adherents could say in her praise, was that she played her difficult role with unusual steadfastness, prudence and courage.

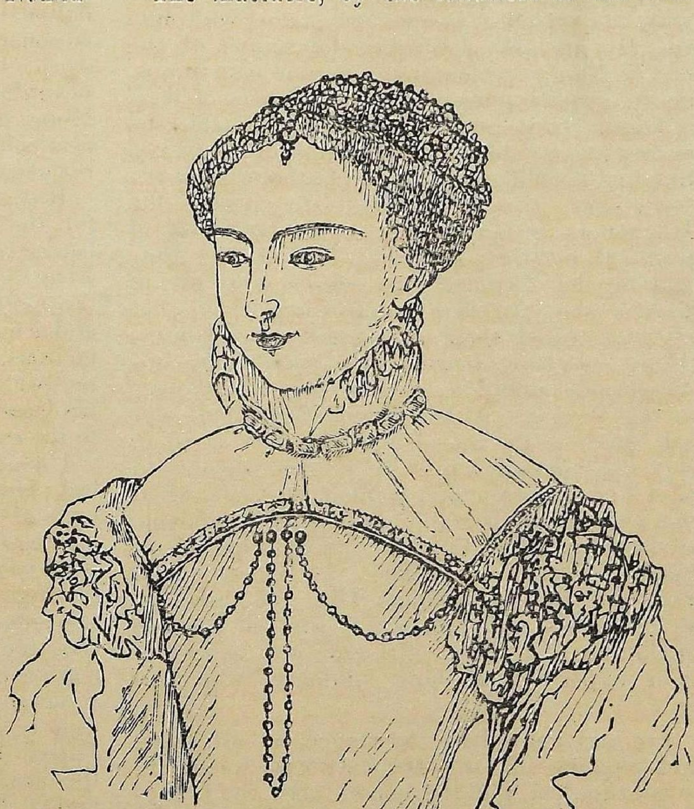
Married at the age of fourteen to the Dauphin Henri, the eldest son of François I, she lived for several years in semi-obscurity at the French

court, where her husband's mistress, the world-famous Diane de Poitiers, was queen in all but the name. When at the death of the old king, the *Dauphin* stepped on the throne, the position of his wife remained unchanged : the ascendancy of the beautiful Diane did not diminish, and the young queen continued to bear with apparent meekness the open infidelities of her husband and the insolent triumph of her rival. But the king's tragic death, after a comparatively short and uneventful reign, suddenly placed the supreme power in the hands of Catherine. Nominally, the head of the State was her eldest son, François II, a boy of sixteen, feeble in health, as were all the children of Catherine, and already worn out by all the vices of his race. He reigned seventeen months, the tool of his mother and of the ministers, and died leaving a childless young widow, the ill-fated Mary Stuart. His brother Charles, the queen's second son, followed him on the throne, but as he was only a child of ten, and kings did not attain their majority before the age of thirteen, Catherine de Médicis declared herself Regent of the kingdom of France.

It was her period of splendour and absolute power.

Strange to say, the queen, whose name will ever recall all the horrors of the St. Barthélemy, began her government by an act of religious tolerance. Her principal adviser was that noble character, the *Chancelier de l'Hospital*, a man far ahead of his times, who dreamt of reconciling the divers political factions whose endless struggles taxed to the utmost the nation's strength, and, above all, of ending the bitter strife raging between Catholic and Calvinist,—a strife which threatened the royal house itself. Unfortunately the time was not ripe for political or religious tolerance: the Catholics declared that the privileges newly granted to the Calvinists were excessive: the Calvinists loudly complained that they were insufficient. Had Catherine been a woman of genius, she might perhaps have cut the Gordian knot by adopting that firm policy, wide-minded and virile, to which, some years later, Henri IV owed so much of his popularity ; but the queen-regent was essentially narrow in all her views, never reaching a wider conception of government than the crafty intrigues she had learnt at the court of the Médicis. Indeed all the policy she knew was intrigue—intrigue of the boudoir or of the battlefield, and the motto of Louis XI, which might have been her own : *Qui nescit dissimulare, nescit regnare*, proved in the end fatal both to herself and to her cause. The party of the Huguenots on one side, that of the powerful *Maison de Guise* on the other, challenged her authority and menaced her son's throne. Her leading idea became to oppose the Guises to the Huguenots, and the Huguenots to the Guises, a policy which only served to envenom the dispute, and change a mere party struggle into fierce civil war.

The massacre, by the followers of the Duc de Guise, of sixty Calvinists at Vassy became the signal for renewed hostility between Catholic and Calvinist. The demon of fanaticism was loose once more, and, with infinite cruelty on both sides, men of the same blood fought over the God of peace. Massacres of unarmed men, of women and of children, tortures of prisoners, destruction of churches and convents,—every mad excess, every fiendish torment which man may conceive, were committed on both sides in the name of religion. In their blind fury, both parties called for alien help: Prince de Condé, the head of the Huguenots, obtained three thousand soldiers from Queen



CATHERINE DE MEDICIS.

Elizabeth of England, while Phillipe II of Spain sent an equal number of men to the Duc de Guise, chief of the Catholics. The opposing parties met in open field at the famous battle of Dreux, where the great Conde, with many other Huguenot leaders, was made a prisoner; the Duc de Guise, however, did not long survive his victory: a Protestant fanatic entered one night into the Catholic camp and murdered the Duke in his tent.

Catherine de Medicis, who at that time sincerely wished for peace, entered into negotiations with her prisoner, Conde, and signed with him the famous *edit d'Amboise*, forerunner of the *édit de Nantes*, which, under certain restrictions, allowed the Huguenots the free exercise of their religion. In justice to Catherine be it said, she at first loyally abided by the terms of the treaty. She was herself too good a 'Catholic'—as the word was then understood—to regard the Huguenots in any other light but that of pestilent heretics, enemies alike of the Altar and of the Throne. As subsequent events proved, she both feared and hated them, but she also feared their adversaries, the Guises, whose wealth, power, popularity and immeasurable ambition, were a perpetual danger to the throne. At all events Catherine kept her faith with the Huguenots—for a time. But the queen-regent was not the woman to fight long against public opinion, especially when this opinion was represented by such formidable advisers as Pope Pius V and Phillipe II of Spain. These reproached the Queen with weakness in her dealings with the heretics, almost accusing her of siding with the enemies of Church and State. She gave way at last to their importunities—how willingly, who can tell!

Feeling themselves threatened on all sides, and knowing that the *èdit d'Amboise* was about to be annulled, the Huguenots were the first to draw the sword. So prompt was their attack, that the Queen and Court, then residing at Monceaux, fled in all haste to Paris, where they were besieged by Condè and his mixed army of French Calvinists and German *reitres*. Once more civil war, with all its untold horrors, had broken loose over the land, and yet Catherine, short-sighted as ever, hoped against hope, still thinking that diplomacy, as she understood it:—treaties signed to be annulled, promises made to be broken—might triumph over all her difficulties, and leave her sons in peaceful possession of the throne.

Two years passed thus, in alternatives of peace and war, when as a thunderbolt came a royal edict forbidding, under penalty of death, every form of Protestant worship. The mask of tolerance was thrown away, and for ever. The *Chancelier de l' Hospital* was dismissed from office, and the crafty Italian, a worthy daughter of the Mèdicis, appeared at last in her true colours.

She had thought to end the war by one bold stroke: Once more her policy was at fault, and the war continued, relentless on both sides. The Queen's diplomacy had been worse than useless. The Huguenots, many times beaten but never vanquished, increased in numbers daily. Oppression, tortures, death itself, were powerless as ever to crush an idea.

As a last resource, a supreme hope of reconciliation,—many historians say a culminating act of treachery—the Queen-regent astonished the world by giving her daughter, the witty and beautiful Princess Marguerite, in marriage to Henri de Bèarn, the Huguenot prince, who was destined, under the name of Henri IV, to follow the sons of Catherine on the French throne.

It was an unexpected and wonderful victory for the Protestant party: their most popular leader wedded to the king's own sister, the alliance of a despised heretic sought after by the terrible Catherine herself! It brought a sudden and complete change in the situation of the rival factions. At the fêtes given by the Queen-mother to celebrate the marriage, Huguenot noblemen occupied the seats of honour at Court, to the exclusion of great Catholic Lords.

Undoubtedly, the situation was too unnatural to last; but it might have ended otherwise than in one of the most hideous crimes that ever stained the pages of a nation's history.

At two o'clock in the morning, on the 24th of August 1572, the day of St. Barthèlemy, the great bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois gave the signal for the massacre of the Huguenots—a crime conceived by the queen and her advisers, reluctantly permitted by the young king, and eagerly awaited by all the Catholic leaders in Paris. It is believed that from three to four thousand Huguenots perished in that terrible night. The streets ran with blood, the Seine was clogged with the bodies of murdered victims. The king himself, in a momentary frenzy, took pleasure in shooting the flying Huguenots from the windows of his palace.

Retribution, for the king at least, was swift and complete. Worn out, like the late king his brother, by excesses of every sort, tormented by the remembrance of the awful scenes he had witnessed, he was stricken soon after by a horrible disease,—blood oozed from his ears, his nose, his mouth....In his last hours, alone with the old Huguenot nurse who had escaped the massacre of the St. Barthèlemy, he heard once again the tumult that had raged outside his palace walls,—the cries of the murdered, the piercing shrieks of little children, the sobs of maddened women praying for mercy—once again he saw the lurid light of the torches, as they flitted from one

victim to another, and the blood that dripped, slowly at first, then fast and ever faster, down the steps of the royal palace....Blood, blood everywhere. His hands, his face, all his body, the very air he breathed oozed blood....In his delirium he called pitifully to the old woman, his nurse: "Ah, nourrice, ma mie, que de sang et que de meurtres! Mon Dieu, pardonnez—moi! Pardonnez, O mon Dieu!"...And it was the old woman, the servant of his childhood, who wiped the blood and tears from his face, and softly spoke to him of God's infinite mercy to sinners.

Henri, third son of Catherine de Mèdicis, followed his brother on the throne. Still the war continued, that pitiless civil war that arms one against the other, men of the same race, the same blood, sometimes sons of the same mother. Henri III, the last of the Valois, the favourite son of Catherine, was as repulsive a figure as ever disgraced a throne, crafty, perfidious, sensual and utterly heartless, hated by his people, despised even by his favourites....Over him, like some evil spirit, brooded the sombre genius of Catherine, inspiring a murder here, a treason there, ever plotting the downfall of her enemies and unwittingly—her own. For retribution overtook her at last, as it had overtaken her sons. Apparently untouched by remorse, she yet lived to see the utter uselessness of her criminal policy, and the tragic end of the dynasty for whose sake she had committed almost every crime, from the obscure intrigues of the boudoir to wholesale massacres in the open streets. She lived to see her work undone, her sons rapidly following each other from the throne to the grave, and an alien, a heretic, her hated son-in-law, Henri de Bèarn, acclaimed as the rightful heir to the crown.

This princess, mother of three kings and for many years regent of the kingdom, died in utter neglect, forgotten and despised, with not a single friend by her bedside—not even an old Huguenot nurse to hold her hand and softly speak of repentance and of God's infinite mercy to sinners.

The Onam Festival.

ONAM comes in the month of Chingam, and it was in this month that the Vamna Avatharam of Vishnu (Incarnation of God Vishnu as Vamana, or Dwarf) took place. Vamana the Dwarf, begged of Mahabali, the then ruler of the country three feet of ground, and when the request was granted Vamana grew up in size and measured the earth with one foot, Swargam with another foot and placed his foot the third time on the head of Mahabali. Vishnu, becoming then pleased with Mahabali who, though he was a Rakshasa (Titan) was a worshipper of Truth and Uprightness, directed Mahabali to go and reside in Suthalam (one of the Nether regions) to become the next Indra (the president of Swarga or Paradise).

This is what is stated in the Bhagavatham. The popular legend is that Mahabali, who was directed to reside in Suthalam is permitted to visit this country over which he ruled, once in a year; and that the Onam is the time when Mahabali pays this visit and that the Onam festivities are got up to show Mahabali that the country continues to be as prosperous as it used to be during his rule. I do not, however, ~~think~~ that any such thing is the cause of the Onam festivities. The Onam festivities take place on a large scale among the agricultural classes. Agriculturists form the majority of the people of Malabar. And it is in places where there is more agriculture that the Onam festivities are conducted on a larger scale. Almost everybody knows that the difficulties of the month of Karkitakam are not small. These difficulties come to a termination by the time the harvesting takes place in the month of Chingam, and I think the Onam festivities are the demonstrations of hearts then overflowing with gladness on account of the emancipation from the sufferings of Karkitakam.

The Onam festivities are not observed alike in all places. In North Malabar, where there is less of agriculture (paddy cultivation) than in South Malabar, the festivities are not so great as in South Malabar. It is in the Valluvanad Taluk of South Malabar that the Onam festivities assume the grandest shape. In Valluvanad, besides the usual preparation of Flower Carpets, making the image of Mahadaven with mud, Villu Kottal or tom-toming with bows made of bamboo, feasting, &c., there is also Kayyankali, which is a sort of tournament in which the fighting consists of beating with bare hands with trained dexterity.

In some parts of Valluvanad, people collect in five hundreds and thousand for the purpose of Kayyankali. And jenmis patronize Kayyankali by giving Onapputa or presents of cloth to those who are successful in the encounters.

In some places the Kayyankali or tournament is carried on in a very interesting fashion. Those that collect together for the purpose of Kayyankali divide themselves into two sections. One from the one section then girds up his loins and springs forward into the Arena between the two sections, with outstretched hands shaking them with all the dexterity of a skilled athlete. Another from the other section then goes through the same form, coming forward against

the first candidate who has offered himself for a combat. If the Umpires of both sections decide that an encounter between the two is not objectionable, the fight between the two commences. After this is over, similar encounters and fights between the cleverer men of the two sections will take place.

These fights on rare occasions have proved fatal. But no complaint or fuss appears on that account to have been made hitherto. Some Jenmies, it is said, secure the services of clever wrestlers long before Onam and keep them well-fed and well-looked-after till the Onam, for the purpose of enjoying the tamash of a good wrestling. Besides the Kayyankali abovementioned, there is among females a mode of enjoyment in the shape of Ky Kotti Kali (a dance). Amusements of various other sorts also take place in various places.

In Koyilandi in North Malabar, Cheppu Eyuthu or shooting with arrows at a small target is practised during Onam as a great amusement. Besides all these, Onapputa or making presents of cloth is an ordinary custom. In some places feasting is carried on only for three days, namely, Othratam (the day preceding Onam) Onam and Avittam (the day succeeding Onam). In some places however feasting commences on Atham (the tenth day before Onam) and continues till Avittam or Chathayam (the second day after Onam). The feasting from Atham till Chathayam is carried on mostly by big jenmis. They begin the feast on Atham day with Kalan (curry made of curds or butter milk) and Pasham Nuruku (boiled slices) of the Neuthra plantain fruit, and carry it through to the end with a large number of dishes.

K. NARAYANI KUTTY AMMAH.

A Feline friend.

AMONG the domestic animals, the cat plays a part, second only in importance to that of the dog. This fact is, perhaps, not sufficiently recognised. The cat, though not so universally popular, has firmer friends and bitterer enemies; when she is loved, she is adored; when she is hated, she is not tolerated.

In appearance, the cat is distinctly handsome; perfectly proportioned and agile as a panther, she moves silently slow, on her cushioned feet, her every movement free as air and full of an unstudied grace. Her coat is sleek and glossy, and she washes it continually. Her head is small and round, the ears pricked, the nose blunt, the eyes large and vacant. Like her ancestor, the tiger, she expresses her anger by lashing her tail and growling deep in her throat, and her pleasure by a soft continuous purring. Unlike the dog, the cat is a creature of liberty; no muzzle or chain restrains her. Unmolested, she roams over the house-tops at night, waking the tired citizens with her melancholy cries, and in the day-time she establishes herself calmly in the spot warmest to herself and most inconvenient to others, before the kitchen fire.

Two main characteristics distinguish her. They are partly inherited, but chiefly the result of the circumstances of her life. She is intensely independent and extremely selfish. Long years of neglect have developed these traits. When left suddenly to shift for herself by the departure of her owner, she does not, like the dog, pine with grief; nor sit down and howl, but sets to work to adapt herself to altered circumstances. The cat is a philosopher and looks at life from a calm and dispassionate point of view, of which she is the centre. Somewhere hidden away, she has a heart, for instances have been known of warm friendships between cats and other animals and cat and man; and even from the despised cat, we should do well to draw lessons of steady self reliance and calm independence, of character unruffled by the habits, wishes and opinions of others.

M. C. SIDGWICK.

The Indian National Social Conference.

(From the Indian Social Reformer).

THE LADIES' GATHERING.

The Ladies' Gathering held at Benares under the presidency of the Rani of Pratabgarh was a great success. Three hundred ladies attended in Nagri Pracharini Sabha Hall. Mrs. Dube welcomed the ladies at the entrance. Among distinguished ladies were Mesdames Romesh Dutt, Sarola Rambhaj Dutt, Ramanbai Madhodas Raghunathdas, Ray, Jyoti Sarup, Joshi, Chitnis, Khare, Nitewbe, Vanave, Devdhar, Athavle, Sankhdar, Mukerji, Dass, Sinha, Chatterji, and Bholanath. Letters of sympathy were received from Mesdames Ranade, Chandavarkar, Sarojini Naidu, Sathyanadhan, and others. Proceedings commenced with songs sung by pupils of Jullundur Kanya Maha Vidyalaya. The Rani of Pratabgarh's address was read by one of the Secretaries. She said she was glad to see so many ladies from all parts of the country taking part in the Parishad. She was glad that they took part in the Social Conference, the object of which was to remove evils in the

way of their regeneration, by working against early marriage, purda system, and for female education, and widow remarriage. The Parishad promoted mutual co-operation. Early marriage was a pernicious custom. The Shastras were against it. She exhorted the audience not to marry children at early ages, and not to think of the trivial merriments of marriage.

Mrs. Dube proposed and Mrs. Ramanbai seconded the resolution expressing hearty welcomo to H. R. H. Princess of Wales, on her august and gracious visit to India and thanking her for the kindness and interest shown in the welfare of Indian ladies by meeting them in various places. The proposal was carried with acclamation. Papers were read by the following ladies, on subjects mentioned below:—Mesdames Sankhdar, Kalavati, Ramanbai, Mukerji, Deodhar, and P. K. Ray on Responsibilities of the Hindu Wife, Female Education, Women in Modern India, and Responsibilities of Women. Several other papers were taken as read for want of time. It was unanimously resolved that Mrs. Ranade, of Bombay, be requested to accept the General Secretaryship of the ladies' gathering. Mrs. Chaudhuri sang the national anthem. Sweets and *Pan* were offered. There was very great enthusiasm and every lady seemed anxious to do something to improve our women's condition.

The Social Conference.

The Indian National Social Conference held at Benares was a great success on the 30th December. Mr. Justice Chandavarkar delivered the inaugural address. There was a large audience, the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. His address touched the audience deeply. Mr. Chandavarkar was in splendid form. The Hon. Mr. Madho Lal proposed hearty thanks to Mr. Chandavarkar. Orthodox opposition was effectively counteracted by the General Secretary's great and telling speech.

The nineteenth session of the Social Conference was held in the Congress Pandal at noon on the 31st. More than seven hundred delegates were registered. A large number of sympathisers was present. The Chairman of the Conference Reception Committee, Mr. Madho Lal, welcomed the delegates in a few words. Mr. Jyoti Swarup proposed and Mr. Sinha seconded Pandit Jwala Prasad Sankhdar to the chair. Mr. Sankhdar delivered his address in a clear and impressive voice. He narrated the story of a Governor-General's calling a meeting for encouraging widow-marriage. A prominent landlord of Calcutta made an eloquent speech in favour of widow-marriage. The Governor-General requested Justice Mitter to speak. Mr. Mitter, a widower, offered to marry the widowed daughter of the previous speaker. The eloquent speaker drew back, alleging that the mother's consent was necessary; Mr. Mitter at once said that his mother had died six years ago.

The President proposed that the nineteenth Social Conference should offer the heartiest and most loyal welcome to T. R. H. the Prince and Princess of Wales and express their special gratification at the cordial interest taken by her Royal Highness in the welfare and progress of Indian women. The President was authorised to send a telegram to the Private Secretary of the Prince communicating the above resolution.

Female Education.

Mrs. Ramanbhai Mahipatram moved the first resolution, noticing with pleasure the advance of female education and fully appreciating the efforts of Government, especially in the United Provinces, in this direction; also recommending the opening of home classes and arranging of lectures for women. She declared that the emancipation of women was the only way of social reform. Referring to England-returned men, she regretted that their home-life was not greatly improved by their higher ideals. Srimati Sastri Devi of Julundur seconded in Hindi. Lala Devaraj of the same place supported the Resolution, also in the same language. Lala Shiv Dayal Pandiala also spoke in support eulogising the previous speaker. As manager, poet, and organiser of a girls' school, he impressed on the members of the Conference their individual duty of educating lady relatives. Mrs. Sarala Devi Chaudiri of Lahore read a paper in which she said that women were not merely givers of life and food but also teachers of morality. Mrs. Tarabai Vanwai of Poona also supported the resolution in a speech in English. This lady is the manager of an orphanage at Poona. A little girl of about six years was raised on the table by the President as a pocket orator, and she sang a song on the subject. The resolution was passed with acclamation.

The Purdah System.

The second resolution recommending the relaxation of the purdah system was moved by Mrs. Hemanta Kumari Chaudari of Calcutta in Hindi. Lala Jagadeo Prasad Gaur of Benares seconded the resolution in Urdu in a powerful speech, in which he called on the people of Upper India to follow the example of other parts of India and give up purdah. Mrs. Jwala Prasad Sankhdar supported the resolution in the English language. She, a member of the Tagore family, married into the United Provinces, spoke from her experience of three days and

three nights of the torture of the purdah. The resolution was passed unanimously.

Temperance and Social Purity.

Lala Nandlal of Amritsar proposed the resolution on temperance and social purity in the local vernacular. The venerable Pandit Shivnath Sastri in an eloquent speech seconded the resolution. Intemperance is spreading in India, especially among the Santals and hill tribes and poorer classes. He charged the revenue system of Government with giving direct and indirect encouragement to drinking habits. He exorted his hearers to discourage nautches. Mrs. Pandit of Gujarat supported the resolution in English. Speaking particularly on social purity Mrs. Bhattia of the Punjab supported the resolution which was passed unanimously.

Re-admission of Converts.

The next resolution urging the necessity of re-admitting repentant converts to Hindu society was proposed by Swami Nityanand in Hindi. Pundit Rambhaj Dutt Chavdhuri of Lahore seconded and Mr. Parthasaradhi Naidu supported. The resolution was carried unanimously.

Raising Marriageable Age.

The next resolution regarding the raising of marriageable age was proposed by Mr. Tahl Ram Ganga Ram of Dehra Ismail Khan in Urdu in a speech much appreciated. Rao Bahadur C. V. Vaidya seconded the proposition which was supported by Dr. Khandwalla.

Widow Remarriage.

Mr. Roshan Lal of Lahore and Allahabad proposed the next resolution, which repeated its previous resolution on the remarriage of widows and advocated the establishment of Widows' Homes, in Urdu. Swami Nityanand seconded. In doing so, he challenged orthodox Pundits to produce their authorities against widow marriage. Munshi Bakhtawar Singh supported; and the resolution was unanimously passed.

Caste.

Lala Baijnath proposed the resolution on castes, suggesting the fusion of sub-castes and Mr. Ganga Prasad of Garhwal seconded and Pundit Gaya Muni of Lahore supported, all in the vernacular.

Lower Classes.

Mr. Baldev Prasad of Bareilly proposed the resolution urging the elevation and better treatment of the lower classes. Mr. Kare of Bombay seconded.

Foreign Travel.

Pundit Rajaram Shastri of Lahore proposed that every encouragement be given to the foreign travelling of Hindus and that the social obstacles in the way of their re-admission be removed. Mr. Padhope seconded and Mr. Thakore Lal of Bombay supported.

The resolution on polygamy was passed.

Re-election of the General Secretary.

The President proposed Messrs. Chandavarkar and Bhajekar to be General and Assistant Secretaries respectively, and it was carried by acclamation.

Votes of Thanks.

Mr. Chandavarkar moved a vote of thanks to the President for his excellent conduct in the chair. He was told that Benares would make it hot for the Conference, but these fears had been belied. The Hindus are always open to reason and the Pundits have taken it in a friendly manner. He dwelt on the opposition to widow marriage and the progress it has been steadily making. In spite of it, last year there were more than 150 marriages. The feature of this Conference was the large number of Vernacular speeches and the number of lady speakers. He thanked Mr. Madho Lalal, the President of the Reception Committee for his hospitality.

The Exhibition and Ladies' Conference in Aligarh.

THE inauguration ceremony of the Exhibition took place on the eve of the 27th ult. It was opened by Mrs. Mohammad Ali, of Mirzapore, after a short address, which was followed by a lecture on the Usefulness of handicrafts by Mrs. S. Tyabjee of Baroda.

Almost all the European ladies of the station were present, headed by Mrs. Archbold, the Principal's wife who has already begun to take a keen interest in the welfare of the Indian ladies, and about twenty-five Mohammedan ladies assembled then in Aligarh from different parts of India were also there.

The numerous exhibits were choicefully shown, glass cases to the best advantage, every care is being taken for their preservation

Special mention may be made of the beautiful works of the Jammagar School of Arts; the peculiar fitness of shade and deliberate arrangement of effect was very noticeable in each of the lovely examples displayed. They were awarded a gold medal.

Some embroideries sent by a Chinese Mussulman lady were gems of ingenuity and ornamentation. There was a certain distinction in their intricate tracery and delicate design, showing the finest proficiency of hand and a good artistic mind.

Some wonderful specimens in hemming, white seaming, inlaying, and stitching, were exhibited by the "Khatoon Store" of Delhi and other ladies from Delhi who were deservedly awarded medals and prizes. The abovementioned store was recently started in Delhi, under the auspices of a Sanad Ahmad Begum who has immortalized some of the native embroideries and needlecrafts. I wish her every success in her newly started enterprise the want of which has been felt by all true lovers of Delhi Arts.

There were a few coloured and black and white sketches in the room, showing how little India had advanced in that direction. There was crudity everywhere, light, shade, prespective were nowhere. Let us hope for something better in the next Exhibition. On the whole there was a decided improvement upon the last Exhibition in this respect.

Thanks are due to the untiring and patient labour of Mr. S. Abdulla, the originator of the scheme, and his colleagues Messrs. Bunyad Hoosain, Lekshamuddeen and Abdur Rahman, who worked with great zeal and earnestness.

Let me also take this opportunity of expressing our deepest sense of gratitude, for the gentle courtesy and hospitality with which we were treat ed all throughout our stay in Aligarh, firstly to the abovementioned gentlemen, then to Mrs. Abdulla and her sisters, then to Mrs. Archbold, Mrs. Aftab Ahmad Khan and Mrs. Abdul Kareem, whose entertaining us we fully appreciated and enjoyed much.

The Ladies' Conference took place at noon on the 20th December, at the residence placed at our disposal during our stay there by Mr. Abdulla. About twenty ladies or more were present and Miss Zehra Fyzee was requested to take the chair. The Presidential address was an able and befitting one, laying stress upon the needs of education amongst females and showing that European education need not necessarily be considered demoralizing, as is thought by the majority of the ignorant mass of people. Speeches were also delivered by Mrs. Abdulla, her sister, and Mr. A. S. Tyabjee and Mrs. A. N. Tyabjee.

The proceedings lasted a couple of hours, after which the meeting dispersed; formalities were then cast aside and all met on a happy social footing, laughing and chatting gaily. Refreshments were partaken of, and the meeting terminated at a late hour.

Since the matter of female dress is much under discussion in the leading Urdu papers, it will not be amiss if I describe the toilette of the ladies of North India, as they dress for some function; their home dress is as graceful as the latter is.

The nose is destined to receive a Nuth or Keel, as the case may be, the former being in a circular form with precious stones and pearls, the latter being a stud of diamonds or coloured stones of small sizes. These certainly are attractive accessories of the toilet. The ears are pierced in many places. They are literally fringed with pendant ornaments, which fall in sweeping succession upon the shoulders in a graceful elegant style. After the ceremony of anointing the hair with sweet-scented oil is over, it is drawn with great precision back from the forehead and twisted in a plait which reaches below the waist and is finished with coloured stripes of ribands entwined in the hair.

The trousers are very full below the legs, partially covering the feet by their fulness with a long train of about three or four feet in length, exquisitely fetching in symmetry and form. These are lavishly trimmed with fine filigre work of various descriptions. The ladies have recently taken to wearing "jackets" with lace and ruffles, with a tight fitting bodice inside and a loose koorta of light clinging material over it caught by a girdle at the waist. The Dopattah is an important envelope of delicate material, delicately trimmed with gold, silver and coloured workings, worn with much original taste. It rests lightly on the back of the head and falls in innumerable folds across the shoulders. They wear small neatly made shoes, the sharp points curling upwards. They are very well worked in gold and silver thread.

The ladies sit on carpets and when anyone comes they rise, arrange their drapery with such ease and grace, advance and embrace their guests, bending low. They are naturally gifted with good sense and politeness, fond of conversation, shrewd in their remarks and their language is pure, correct and refined.

"To aid the will too much, is to pervert
Its nature, and instead of helping, hurt."

AN ALPHABET OF HOMELY HINTS FOR MOTHERS.

This little homely poem, which was written for a Mothers' Club in America, has been sent to us by Mrs. Porter, in the hope that it will be of some use to Indian mothers as well.

Always welcome fresh Air, and these three rules obey :
Open windows at night and three times a day,
And take five long fresh breaths when you rise. It will pay !
B is for Baths. With no colds you'll be smitten
If you sponge off each morning, cold water, crash mitten,
Brisk rub ! and you feel like a frisky young kitten !
Chew thoroughly well every mouthful of food ;
Eat slowly and find your digestion is good.
Drink lots of fresh water—six glasses a day,
Or its equal in liquid—the doctors all say.
Early bed-hours our children must surely all keep,
'Tis a crime to deprive them of life-giving sleep.
Faults little and big they will have, but we know
If we are not discouraged but patiently go
On trying to help them, these faults they'll outgrow.
Games every evening with them let us play,
And we'll find it the pleasantest hour of the day.
Happy talk, with a story or news as we're able,
Will transform the breakfast, the dinner and tea table.
Induce all the household outdoor life to love ;
Plan picnics and walks 'neath the blue sky above.
Join with your neighbours in every good cause,
In pretty back yards, in clean streets and good laws.
Keep some time for your children and husband quite free,
With a glad welcome home, though most busy you be !
Live inside your income, no matter how small,
And save something weekly ; don't spend it quite all.
Make yourself worthy to bear the sweet name
Of Mother, more precious than riches or fame.
Never give to your boys or girls coffee or tea,
If you wish in good health those same children to see,
But let their drink water, milk or cocoa be.
Order and helpfulness each girl or boy
Must be taught if a happy home we would enjoy.
Punish them little, the rod O do spare !
Try praising and loving and being quite fair,
And you'll find naughty doings are getting quite rare !
Quit nagging their faults and scolding them hard ;
Try patience and sympathy. (Smiles are not barred !)
Remember to count up your mercies each night ;
No day is so dark you can't find something bright.
Shun fried things for children, ham, fresh pork and veal ;
Give good beef and mutton, green vegetables, meal
Of entire wheat and fruit. See how well they will feel !
Their Teeth must be brushed at least twice every day ;
Prepared chalk is the very best powder, they say ;
And teach every child that his candy must be
Saved to eat meal times, if good teeth he'd see.
Unpleasant gossip we must not repeat
In talking or writing—or life won't be sweet.
Virtues for our children we wish all, in sooth,
But of all, most important is telling the truth ;
And to help them in that, they must in us confide,
And not fear to tell all and naught try to hide.
Worry we must avoid, for it spoils a good mother,
And if you feel blue, something do for another !
'Xcellent wisdom you'll find it to be
In all things the bright side, the funny to see.
You must try every day (steal the time, if you must)
To read a half hour—or your brains will all rust.
Zeal all this homely advice to contrive,
To carry out well in our everyday lives,
Will make of us all better mothers and wives.

DELIA LYMAN PORTER.

American Women and American Friendship for Japan.

By His Excellency, Kogoro Takahira,
Japanese Minister to the United States.

(*From an American paper*).

LIFE, the bitter cleverness of the cynic to the contrary notwithstanding, seems to be of many flowers. Not the least of them is friendship.

If one could only magnify and multiply fifty or eighty million times the beauty and charm of friendship between man and man this would give just a glimpse of the splendor of a friendship between two great nations. The enlightened womanhood of America has accomplished much in fostering and bringing to flower the kindly feeling between the United States and Japan. This, at least, is my conviction. He would be hasty and blind, indeed, who would belittle the power of the American woman in molding public opinion. And the public opinion which she creates, and over which she holds the sceptre, is not, it seems to me, confined by any means to domestic affairs. She is quite as much at home in questions of international scope as in matters which concern her own country.

The American Woman's Grasp of International Affairs.

The typical American woman does not, it is true, concern herself with the details, the machinery, the knotted complications of international politics and diplomacy. Indeed, from the very nature of things there are few women of any nation who have an intimate knowledge of the inner workings of such affairs. But in their larger outlines almost all international questions of magnitude seem to claim the American woman's stamp of approval, and woe to those measures upon which she frowns. The story of her interest in these measures, her attitude toward them and her comprehension of them is the highest tribute that could be paid to the intelligence of American womanhood.

In the troublous and trying hours of Japan during the past two years, I have had many opportunities to observe with admiration and gratitude the sympathetic intelligence of the women in America in reading the aspirations of our country and interpreting their significance. Athwart our path were mountainous obstacles, which to Western eyes seemed quite impossible for us to scale. Perhaps it was the pluck of a comparatively small nation, that refused point blank to consider these obstacles unsurmountable, that appealed to the American woman. What we were trying to do spoke to the heroic in her nature, and her sympathy was as sensitive as an Æolian lyre when at last we successfully weathered the storm.

The Tenacity of the American Woman.

In these two eventful years I have been made to see two traits which are conspicuous among the many remarkable attributes of the intelligent American woman. The first is the tenacity with which she holds to her convictions. This stands out in no uncertain outline. If she does not compass every detail she certainly takes good care that what she has in her grasp does not escape her. That is not all. She sees to it that the same conviction is somehow conveyed to the minds of her friends. Once she is thoroughly possessed with a conviction and once in the arena, I know of no missionary who can claim the distinction of being her superior in zeal and ability.

She has all the advantage of a charming personality with which to back up her conviction. In championing a cause, hers is no preachment on paper. An eloquent essay is but an eloquent essay after all; an eloquent speech, an eloquent speech. In fashioning and fostering public opinion they are as different from the power of the American woman as life is different from a marble statue. It would perhaps be difficult for even a gifted historian to trace accurately all the national and international events to the salons and boudoirs whence they came; but it would be very much more difficult to prove that these epochal events have had nothing to do with the gentler hours of a nation's life, with silken arenas, with smiles and whispers behind fans. And in America this fact seems to be so emphasized by the exceptionally high intelligence of the American woman that I do not see how any one can, with grace, deny it.

The Daring of the American Woman.

And the second thing that has impressed me deeply is the daring of the American woman. The courage—her enemy might almost say recklessness—with which she drives home her conviction to its logical end is superb. A statesman in the thick of affairs often thinks of too many things. She thinks of one; she has no eyes for anything else. And when she enters upon a battle she knows of no such convenience as compromise; nothing short of a complete victory is likely to please her grace. She has formed her conclusions according to her own lights. That naturally makes for independence.

Another thing: no material, no selfish considerations fetter her mind. Many of us have, with no little amazement, remarked the absolute

lack of self-interest in the friendliness of the American public toward Japan and her cause. Now, as you may be well aware, there are many phases in the Far Eastern questions which the United States can very properly look upon through the eyes of self-interest. The press and a few people called the attention of the American public to these points. The public remained entirely indifferent to them. And the unselfishness of American friendship to Japan stands to this day as the most remarkable feature of it all. Naturally this makes this friendship for us the more sacred.

Is there Unselfishness in International Friendship?

There are several who would have us believe that a sentiment such as friendship is an empty sound, especially in international affairs. I fear that I am in the happy land of illusion in the estimation of them. Whenever I think of the absolute unselfishness of the American friendship for us I cannot restrain myself from turning over in my mind the work which has been accomplished by the enlightened womanhood of America. May it not be true that this peculiar feature of our friendship, so foreign to the self-interest basis of diplomacy, has had its root in the work of the American woman, who is not always the best hand to count how much superior is the value of steel exports to Japan over so airy a substance as an international friendship? In this respect I may quote here a few words from a letter I received a short time ago from a certain American lady in regard to the conclusion of peace at Portsmouth. Among other things she says:

"While the Occidental nations have subscribed to the truth of the philosophy that 'greater is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city,' yet history shows that thus far they have not lived up to the level of their philosophy. It has been left for Japan to lead us in this better way."

The sympathy of the American woman is not a sympathy originated merely from the consideration of self-interest or any weakness of womanhood, in most cases accountable to the want of knowledge of worldly affairs, but based upon the substantial foundation of strong religious faith, high education, keen intelligence and good judgment.

Permit me to avail myself of this invitation from the editor of the Woman's Home Companion to assure the American woman that Japan appreciates magnanimity quite as well as the temper of American steel. Our country has been happy enough to be favored with the co-operation of the American woman in the goodly work of bringing about the friendship with her neighbor, America. As you can see I have a good reason to congratulate my own land. All the more because, in the eyes of Nippon, she sees no nation whose friendship and good will she values above that of the United States.

Editorial Notes.

H. E. Lady Ampthill's Departure. It is with great regret that we have in this number of our magazine to bid farewell to Her Excellency, Lady Ampthill. Her Excellency has ever taken a kind interest, during the quickly-passed years of her stay in our Presidency—in the women of India; and, through them, in the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*. We publish in this issue, two pictures of their Excellencies, which were sent for the Magazine by Lady Ampthill. His Excellency Lord Ampthill's rule has been praised by all as one of the best Governorships in the Madras Presidency. His courtesy and kindliness, his thoughtfulness for others and strict attention to his duty and to justice have ever been admired and appreciated with thankfulness. Her Excellency, Lady Ampthill, has not been behindhand in doing her own duty. Her kindly presence has often graced the meetings of the National Indian Association, her sympathy has often been given to the needs of the Indian ladies, the advancement of whose position is the aim of so many movements and of so many people in India. That Their Excellencies have fully done what is required of them and even more still is acceded on all sides; and they have created warm and secure places for themselves in the hearts of our people. It is with keen regret that we bid them farewell. The women of India especially are very sorry that Lady Ampthill is leaving them so soon. We wish Their Excellencies 'God-speed,' and every blessing and happiness in the far-off land to which they are going. And we hope that they will never forget the people of India, but will ever take a kindly interest in them.

Mrs. B. F. Carpenter and the late Dr. Anandibai Joshi. We publish in this issue a most interesting communication from Mrs. B. F. Carpenter, of the United States, America, regarding the late Dr. Anandibai Joshi, the first high caste Indian lady to visit America and the first in all India to qualify

for the medical profession. We are also able to give the portraits of both these ladies. We have several English and American ladies, who have devoted their lives to the women of India, but among these Mrs. Carpenter will occupy a most prominent place. She it was who was instrumental in the first instance in getting Anandibai Joshi to visit America and undergo a medical course there; and throughout Anandibai's stay in that country Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter were like parents to her, befriending her, encouraging her and helping her in every way to fulfil the mission which she had before her. It is true the life of Anandibai was not spared long, but who will say that her noble career, which is touchingly described by Mrs. Carpenter, has proved a failure? We know as a matter of fact that, if it had not been for Anandibai, we would not have had a Pandita Ramabai, and more than this if it had not been for the example of Anandibai, so many of India's daughters would not have received the higher education they have received. She was a pioneer in every way in the cause of higher education and at the back of it all we have the love and affection of a most devoted American lady and her husband. It is with the greatest pleasure that we publish this communication from Mrs. Carpenter and we hope that she will find time to give our readers a more detailed account of the life history of one of the noblest women India has produced.

Mr. Ananda Charlu on Woman's Rights. About a year ago, Rai Bahadur P. Ananda Charlu, B.L., C.I.E., Vidya Vinodhi Visaradha, published a small pamphlet on the subject of the "Elevation of our Women." In that pamphlet, the Vidya Vinodhi laid stress on two important points, *viz.*, (1) the education of women and (2) the restoration to them of *at least* those rights of property which were given to them by the Smriti of Yagnavalkya and confirmed to them by its elder and sounder commentators like Madhatiti and the author of Mitakshara. As regards the education of women, Mr. Ananda Charlu pointed out: (1) that there is no force in the allegation that our girls become spoilt by aspiring to University honors and by working towards them; (2) that the amount of education they ought to get is to be regulated by their inclinations and capacities, limited by distinct proofs of physical or other demonstrated or demonstrable injury to them; (3) and that whatever else is or is not placed within their reach, every effort must be made to make them fully posted as to all historic or sociological information regarding the customs and systems of domestic economy among other peoples in the civilized parts of the globe, so that they can actively co-operate with their male champions. With regard to rights of property, they must have restored to them the shares or allotments assigned to them by Yagnavalkya and Madhatiti and in Mitakshara.

Mr. Ananda Charlu has now supplemented his pamphlet by a few more observations in the December number of the *Mysore Review*. He emphasises the significance of the accepted fact that according to the Aryan idea the presiding deity over learning is not a god but a goddess. Next he calls pointed attention to the Aryan provision of old that for all children of the Dvija class—both for boys and girls, Upanayana stood prescribed as indispensable to acquire the full status of the twice-born. The bearing of this subject on the question of woman's rights must be obvious when it is realised what the ceremony in question actually meant. Ostensibly it is indeed a sacrament and imposes certain sacerdotal duties and certain austere methods of life. But, at the same time, the Vidya Vinodhi points out, it is an introduction to a laborious course of study as well—with this difference, *viz.*, that on boys it is compulsory, whereas to girls it is optional—an option open to them even on being married, as illustrated among others by the well read Maitri, the wife of Yagnavalkya. Moreover, it is so, not merely for a learning of the Vedas, but embraces the whole range of available knowledge with the option to each student to cultivate some one branch thoroughly and have a working acquaintance with the rest. Mr. Ananda Charlu supports his statements by quoting a number of Sutras, the authenticity of which is not denied or doubted. He pleads for a revival of the Upanayana for girls, which he thinks will restore all their lost rights. In these days, when so much is heard of Hindu revival, and the anti-woman tide is decidedly on the ebb, this is certainly a suggestion which deserves to be considered by the leaders of Hindu thought.

What is being done for and by Indian Ladies.

A meeting of over 500 ladies, of Brahmin, Marwari, Gujarathi, Kunbi, and the other communities, was held at Theosophical Lodge, Amraoti, on the Swadeshi movement. Mrs. Knaparde, Mrs. Joshi, Mrs. Lele and others made stirring speeches and admired the patriotic efforts of boys throughout India. They said that as worthy mothers it was their sacred duty to strengthen the cause. A resolution for using Swadeshi articles was enthusiastically passed.

—A correspondent writes to the *Indian Social Reformer* from Rajamundry, under date the 6th ultimo;—Yesterday a widow-marriageo tok place here.

The bride is a Smartha Brahmin girl of about 17 years, and the bride-groom is a Vaishnava of about 23 years. Most of the students of the local Arts College and some leading reformers were present on the occasion.

—The results of the Bombay Matriculation Examination are remarkable for the success achieved by three Mahomedan ladies, Miss Saada F. Mohammed, Miss A. M. Ali, and Miss Naziribi S. Ahmed. They took Persian, French and Sanskrit respectively for a second language. Miss S. F. Mohammad stands first amongst all the successful Mahomedan candidates, male and female, and has been awarded the J. Peerbhoy Scholarship, the Dr. Ismail Jan Mohammad Scholarship and the Lady Reay Medal. The first two ladies are nieces of the Hon. Mr. Justice Budrudin Tyabji. Miss A. M. Ali is a sister of Mr. H. M. Ali of the Poona Girls' School, and intends to proceed to a medical degree.

—Some of the educated ladies in Calcutta are contemplating starting an institution somewhat like a home for helpless Hindu widows.

—The Nizam of Hyderabad has given 7 lakhs for a Women and Children Hospital, the foundation-stone of which will be laid by the Princess of Wales, who along with Lady Curzon, Lady Ampthill, Mrs. Bailey and other ladies will contribute.

—A very successful meeting of the "Karkul Catholic Ladies Association" was held at 5 P.M. on Thursday the 7th December, 1905, at Mrs. Pulcheria Colacos' house. About 15 ladies were present —Mrs. Mary D'Souza read a lecture on "Japanese women", which was rendered into Konkany by Mr. Piadade Fernandes, a Vakil of Udipi. The lecture was followed by action Songs, sung by Mrs. Mary D'Souza, Mrs. Magdalen Fernandes and Miss Theresa Alva. An exhibition of Gramophone plays by Mr. Seshgiri Prabhu was highly appreciated. After a vote of thanks, the meeting dispersed.

—Raja Tasadduk Rasul Khan, C. S. I. of Jahangirabad, who had already given Rs. 15,000 for a Medical College in the United Provinces, has now subscribed a further sum of Rs. 40,000 to start a branch College for women in token of his unflinching loyalty and gratification at the fact that it is the first occasion on which a Princess of the British Royal line has honoured India with a visit.

—The Bharat Mahila Parishad or the Indian Ladies' Gathering was held this year in Benares on the 29th December. The Rani Saheba of Pratapgarh in Oudh presided.

The Report of the Hindu Widows Home Association, Poona, is a record of continued progress. The number of inmates of the Home rose during the year from 30 to 38. All the inmates except 6 are Brahmans. One comes from Berar, one from Central Provinces, 2 from Indore, 1 from Baroda, 1 from Mysore and the rest belong to the Bombay Presidency. The instructional condition of the home has satisfactorily improved during the year. Mahratti, Sanskrit and Arithmetic receive special attention. One fact requires special mention and speaks volumes in favour of the zeal of the promoters of the movement. Dr. K. K. N. Gokhale of Bombay delivered a series of weekly lectures on "The First Aid to the sick and the injured" to the inmates of the Home. A public-spirited lady, Mrs. Annupamabio Apte, who received her training under the able doctor finished the work initiated by him. As a result the St. John's Ambulance Association has issued certificates to 17 of the inmates of the Home. We are glad to notice that the Home is so popular that it has called forth remarkable self-sacrifice and self abnegation. Mrs. Parvatibai Athavali and Mr. B. Bai Dershparde, both trained mistresses, and Mrs. Kashi Bai Deodharam, F.A., of the Madras University and Miss Venubai Namjoshi, a Matriculate of the Bombay University, are working in the Institution *gratis*. All honor is due to these noble ladies, who have resolved to devote their energies to improve the lot of the class of Indian women which stands most in need of pity and compassionate care. During the year under report the Institution was visited by 350 visitors, of whom His Highness the Maharaja of Baroda may be prominently mentioned. His Highness commemorated his visit by a donation of Rs. 700. Other donations which deserve special mention are Rs. 3,000 from Mr. G. B. Deval, Rs. 4 000 from Mr. Pandit and Rs. 1,000 from the Chief of Mudhol. Mrs. Anandibai Maratti has made a will that her entire estate should go to the Home after her. The total expenditure during the year amounted to Rs. 9,187-14-4 and the balance at present in the hands of the Committee amounts to Rs. 30 641-5-10. This is proof positive of the popularity and the *raison d' etre* of the Home.

The Prince of Wales' Medal.—A special medal to commemorate the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Bangalore has been ordered by H. H. the Maharaja of Mysore, and will be awarded every year to the person who sends the best selection of flower plants to the Horticultural Show. Mr. Cameron has been requested to submit a design for the medal, which Messrs. Barton, Son and Co.. will be deputed to execute.

The Dufferin Fund.—A meeting of the Committee of the Mysore Branches of the Lady Dufferin Fund and the Victoria Memorial Scholarships Funds was held at the Presidency. Mrs. S. M. Fraser was President, and Col. J. Smyth, I.M.S , Hon. Secretary. The Hon. Secretary reported that there were four women under training for Victoria Memorial Scholarships since the time of the last report, but that none of these had been taken on as they failed to come up to the rather high standard of qualifications required. In regard to the Lady Dufferion Fund, the Secretary reported that two of the women who were under training last year had passed, and that both were given employment under the Government of Mysore, but Nurse McFarlane had died of cholera during the year. Nine more pupils were taken on during the year, two of whom were Eurasians, to whom the committee have granted an enhanced scholarship of Rs. 15 per mensem. The financial condition of both funds is satisfactory, and is in a position to afford Scholarships to more women if they would offer themselves for training. It is only in H. H. the Maharaja of Mysore's Hospital that there is proper accommodation for pupil Nurses. The Hon. Secretary is requested to approach Government and ask them to provide similar accommodation in the Bangalore Hospital. The question of providing quarters for midwives at the various Taluk headquarters was again discussed; and the Hon. Secretary was requested to approach the Government on this point also.

News and Notes.

Female clerks are on the increase in New York.

—The Mahomedan women of Mysore are experts in Fancy works of various description.

—The Nawab of Bahawalpur now proposes to erect a hospital, instead of an *Idgah*, as a memorial to Her Majesty the late Queen Victoria.

—Queen Ranavalona III., who reigned over Madagascar when the French took possession, now lives in banishment in Algiers, on an allowance of $6,000.

—There are 4,000 Chinese students in Japan including girls, while there are only 28 Indian students whose cost per head, including boarding, lodging, books, etc. is Rs. 60.

—After an existence of 22 years, the Mesurgia, one of New York's oldest and most famous Male Singing Societies, has just admitted women singers to its ranks.

—A Bengali Correspondent suggests to his countrymen that they should get all students to take a vow not to marry unless their parents or guardians promise not to make exorbitant demands of their prospective fathers-in-law.

—Among modern churches which have admitted women to the office of deacon are the Reformed Presbyterian, the Established Church and the United Free Church of Scotland. The two latter have made this departure within a year.

—During the twenty years of its existence, the Chicago Training School for Missions (Methodist Episcopal) has sent 202 of its students into the Foreign Missionary field and 1,000 into deaconess work. More than 2,000 students have been enrolled at the Institution, which now has a staff of ten resident and thirty non-resident instructors and lecturers.

—Miss Caroline L. Edwards was ordained to the ministry of the Free Baptist Church on Oct. 11, five clergymen assisting in the services. Miss Edwards has completed the full course of study required, passed a very creditable examination, and is now installed as Pastor of the church in Charleston. On the afternoon of the day of her ordination, she baptised two converts, and in the evening received five new members into her church and administered the sacrament.

—The California Club of New York has offered to act as chaperon and friend to all California girls and women who are in that city for a long course of study, either literary, artistic, musical, dramatic, or professional. Many girls who come to New York to fit themselves for work find themselves in need of advice and friendly interest. The members of the club have all lived in California, and almost any forlorn girl will find some member who knows her friends at home.

—Miss Elspeth McClelland, whose recent advent as a Woman Builder, caused quite a sensation in the "Trade" in England, has built a model house for the cheap cottage exhibition. This model home for the working man is constructed in part of concrete, and its entire cost does not exceed $750. It has a kitchen-living-room, scullery and bath below, and three bedrooms on the second floor. It is described as "livable," picturesque, and well-ventilated and lighted.

—Miss Edith A. Smith, of Salt Lake City, Utah, has just been granted a patent for a button that can be securely fastened to any garment without use of needle and thread. The button is described as washable and unbreakable, and especially adapted for underwear and wash materials. Miss Smith has already received an offer to place her patent with a large manufacturing firm. If this invention proves to be of as much practical use as is represented, it will be a great boon to busy women.

—Miss Lillian Mary Small is marine observer at North Truro, Mass., in the Cape Cod Highlands. After graduating from school, she took charge of the station of which her father had been at the head for forty years, in order that he might attend to other business. Miss Small scans the ocean almost constantly from sunrise to dark, learning all that is possible of the vessels moving up and down the coast, noting the flag and name. These observations are counted half-hourly and promptly transmitted by telegraph to the Boston Chamber of Commerce, whence they are disseminated all over the world.

—Of the 10 Hindu lady students who appeared for the Matriculation examination of the Bombay University, two belong to South Canara. Miss U. Kaveri Bai, a niece of Mr. U. Babu Rao, retired District Munsiff, now practising as Vakil in the High Court, Madras, passed creditably, taking up Sanscrit for her second language, and has been awarded a monthly scholarship of Rs. 20-2-0 to enable her to continue her studies for the Higher examinations. Miss Kaveri Bai left Mangalore in December 1897, for

Poona where she received her education in the local Government Female High School. The other is Miss Sita Bai who studied in the Government Female High School at Ahmedabad under the guardianship of Rao Bahadur the Lalshankar Umia Shanker, taking up French for her second language. It is not yet known whether this lady too passed the examination.

—Degrees are actually hereafter to be conferred upon women by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The new degree for women is L. Th.—licentiate in theology—and is to be given to candidates who satisfy the threefold test of (a) systematic study; (b) proficiency as shown by examination or otherwise; (c) teaching capacity. The candidates must pass an examination approved by a committee of ladies under the supervision of the Bishop of Gloucester. The training as well as the testing of candidates is included in the scheme, which is inaugurated, it is said, to meet the rapidly growing demand for qualified women teachers of Theology. "Church" teaching in elementary schools is probably the main object the Archbishop has in view. The *Christian World* thinks that the Free Churches would be wise to prepare teachers in a similarly systematic way.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Acknowledgments for December, 1905.

		RS.	A.
1.	R. C. Chapman Esq., Poona	12	0
2.	Rajah Rao Das Esq., Ganjam ...	4	0
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MONNA VANNA, OR THE LADY WITH THE FAN.

From a picture by D. G. Rossetti.

THE ROYAL PARTY AT LAHORE, WITH SIR CHARLES RIVAZ AND STAFF.

Standing.—Capt. E. G. Drummond, Mr. R. J. H. Baddeley, Mr. W. G. Paul Young, Major H. Roberts, Major A. Robertson, Major General Sir Pratap Singh, Lieut. Col. R. H. Charles, H. R. H. The Prince of Wales, Major General Beatson, Commander Godfrey Faussett, Mr. H. N. A. Hunter, Mr. DuCane Smithe, Mr. Frank Dugdale, Major H. D. Watson, Major Campbell.

Sitting.—The Earl of Shaftsbury, Mrs. DuCane Smithe, Lady Eva Dugdale, Sir Charles Rivaz, H. R. H. The Princess of Wales, Lady Rivaz, Sir W. Lawrence, Miss Rivaz, The Countess of Shaftsbury, Lt. Col. Sir Arthur Bigge.

THEIR EXCELLENCIES LORD AND LADY MINTO.